ASHKI'S DIVAN

SHEIKH MUZAFFER OZAK AL-JERRAHI

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Grand Sheikh
The Halveti-Jerrahi Order of Dervishes

Translation from the Original Turkish
Muhtar Holland and Sixtina Friedrich

Foreword
Louis Rogers

ASHKI BOOK

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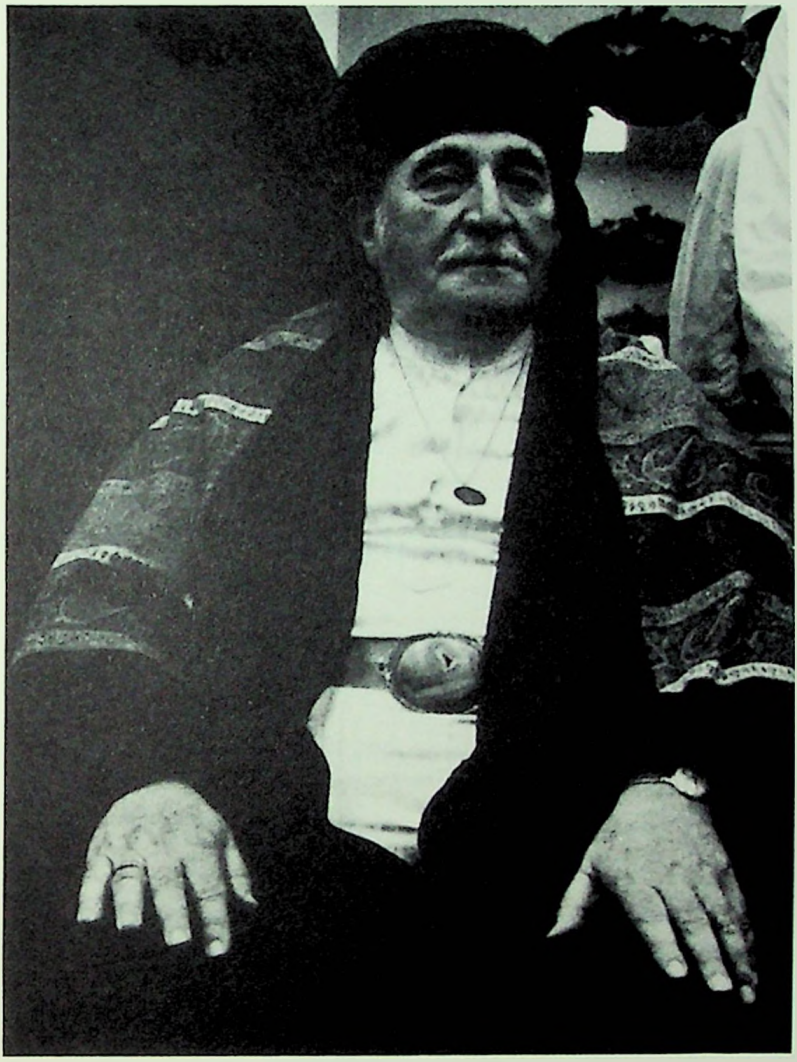

SHEIKH MUZAFFER OZAK

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of the Halveti-Jerrahi Order of Dervishes

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FOREWORD

Some years ago I was invited by an acquaintance, a psychiatrist interested in spiritual matters, to join with him and his writer-wife in a somewhat unusual evening. We were to have dinner and later spend the evening with a Sufi Order of Dervishes and their remarkable teacher, Sheikh Muzaffer.

I was not to know until later just how remarkable Sheikh Muzaffer, Effendi as he was called, truly was, and then that knowledge came upon me only belatedly, unfolding with agonizing slowness.

We arrived at a certain brownstone on the upper East Side of New York City at the dinner hour. It was an unusual house, the home of two remarkable people in their own right, its wooden floors and white-painted walls, curved stairs and wooden handrails accented by uniquely designed and placed neon lights, the first floor almost empty but for an extraordinary design of neon fixtures placed elegantly on the floor. It had much the feel of a tekke, something again I was not to realize until much later in my acquaintanceship with this Sufi Order.

My companions and I made our way to the second floor of the building, and were immediately ushered into the presence of the Sheikh. Effendi filled the room with his presence. He was a large man, not tall, but wide of girth and possessed of a voice that undulated its rambling way majestically from the depths of his being, whose deep, penetrating and unforgettable baritone vibrations filled the room like the sweet and subtle odor of incense. That he spoke in Turkish was a barrier at first; eventually I came to

understand that Sheikh Muzaffer communicated on many levels of being, in many ways.

So compelling was his presence that although heartily welcomed by him, and placed at an adjacent table, I found myself continually sneaking glances at him, each glance lasting just slightly longer in duration than the previous one until ultimately, by the time the meal was nearly over, I was unable to constrain myself and sat nearly half twisted around in my chair, overtly staring at him. Apparently, and as I had many opportunities to observe for myself over the years, this was not an unusual occurence, and my unintended rudeness was graciously overlooked by my dinner companions at the table.

We were in the presence of Sheikh Muzaffer Ozak, Grand Sheikh of the Halveti-Jerrahi Order of Dervishes of Istanbul and Turkey, and those somewhat rough-looking Turkish men sitting at the large wooden tables surrounding him were his Dervishes.

Dervishes! In New York City! And who would not have been surprised to discover that a Sufi Order that reached back three hundred years in Turkish history was alive and flourishing, and in the most unexpected of places. But what would, in fact, have been a fit and proper reaction to the discovery of mysteries that themselves merely pointed the way towards the greater depths that lay beyond, unrevealed and undisclosed?

Should I not have been surprised, or merely charmed, to discover that in the heart of Manhattan, not far from Times Square, the Sheikh and his dervishes had been meeting for years on the second floor of a building, not far from my own offices, in the showroom of a Turkish rug dealer. Would I not have wondered that

likewise, in the heart of SoHo, a former firehouse had been converted into a tekke, and that there, every Thursday evening the Ceremony of Dhikr took place freely opened to the public. And might I not have been amazed to learn that not five miles from a familiar location in upper New York State, a group of Effendi's dervishes met regularly, with the Sheikh himself often in attendance, on a route I had driven many times over the years.

What struck me most immediately that first evening was the intuitive understanding that this was a community of men and women who sought with all their being to reflect the great love and caring which is to be found in any true spiritual community. And I, as an untutored outsider, felt myself submerged in a sea of love that radiated from the presence of the Sheikh, and as candles lit one by one from a central flame, the same presence could palpably be felt in all of his companions, in sometimes greater, sometimes lesser degrees.

My stated purpose in being there was to invite Effendi to be a guest on the televison program I was then hosting in New York City, but in actuality, and overriding all other considerations, I was there as a spiritual seeker. I was certainly not disappointed with what I found.

And yet, to describe Effendi as a spiritual teacher simply fails to do justice to the immense fullness of being one encountered in him. To begin with, one felt safe in his presence. Whatever the conditions of the world around us, whatever our personal problems, whatever the dismal state world affairs were in at the moment and however swiftly events might turn and overtake rationality and good sense, in Effendi's presence these things lost their power to inform us,

understand that Sheikh Muzaffer communicated on many levels of being, in many ways.

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our only course of action dictated by Effendi's actions and the events of the night.

Sitting with Effendi during the course of that first evening, any evening in fact, was a spiritual journey in itself: evenings punctuated by prayers, delicious meals of hearty soups, platters of lamb heaped over mounds of pilaf and vegetables, great bowls of yogurt flavored with garlic and cucumber, and always huge baskets of fresh bread, the feast accented by more prayers, then coffee and pastries, prayers again, and in the later flow of the evening, steaming hot cups of almost pitch black tea, fresh fruits and Turkish delights.

A constant supply of cigarettes was always at his side, Turkish and American, occasionally English or French brands, often clove-scented packages from Turkey and India. Effendi would select from the various packs and toss each cigarette to his dervishes and guests like a gift of love, a precious boon and acknowledgement from the Master ... and always, to remind us continually of who we were and why we were there, there were prayers, and prayers, and yet more prayers.

Food for the body, yes, certainly, but the real sustenance of those evenings with Effendi and his dervishes was spiritual, memories that linger still in the soul and haunt the mind, providing a continued source of rich inspiration, spiritual solace and an unerring sense that in that most mysterious of all ways, one had indeed set foot with determination and zeal on the spiritual path. And along with all that, one felt oneself finally to be in safe harbor, spiritually sheltered from the vicissitudes of life, in the presence of one who knew.

And of that, there was no doubt. Sheikh Muzaffer was like the Sphinx rising majestically in the bare and

barren desert, its gaze fixed on eternity while all about it, century after endless century, the affairs of men continued in their aimless and puny fashion. In the presence of the eternal, time loses all meaning, and in just that manner, one felt protected in the presence of the Sheikh, like children in a certain way, safely ensconced under the watchful eye of a loving and powerful father.

Eventually I was priviliged to tape 18 programs with the Sheikh, on a wide and compelling variety of topics which as I well knew merely scratched the surface of his immense treasure-house of knowledge and experience. Some of that richness has been left for us in the legacy of his books: *Irshad, The Garden Of Dervishes, Adornment Of Hearts, Blessed Virgin Mary, The Unveiling Of Love* and others yet to come.

Some of his legacy survives in the extraordinary experiences his Dervishes and acquaintances had in and through his presence. It would simply not be possible to count, much less understand, the number of healings that took place through his auspices, healings of the body, the mind and the soul. And in that order of things, one could not even begin to describe the cause-and-effect relationships that caused those disorders in the first place, but which Effendi was immediately able to discern. These were themselves teachings whose manifestations we could see but whose dimensions were in a realm to which only Effendi had access.

In this sense, Effendi was a physician of the soul whose treatments and prescriptions covered a wide-ranging spectrum of what might be termed spiritually-holistic methods, but whose essential approach, or so it seemed to me, was to engage the spiritual dimension and channel the energies that flowed down through his

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invocations, with the permission of God. One can only speculate on these matters.

More particularly, it was through his masterful dream interpretations that one could immediately gain insight into the powerful presence of Effendi and the Divine force that flowed through him. This was no ordinary being: not for him the shrewd play of psychological insight posing as inspiration. Effendi was a spiritual teacher whose inspiration came from a higher realm than most of us may ever have access to in our lives, but which was for him the central core of his being.

In the Halveti-Jerrahi Order, dream interpretation has been a significant method by which Sufi teachings have been passed down through the ages, and a technique which the Masters have frequently used to instruct their followers and dervishes. Time after time, one would note a line of dervishes, as well as guests and visitors patiently waiting their turn as Effendi interpreted someone's dream, passing on information about that individual's spiritual status, psychological make-up, personal dilemmas, health considerations and so on. Always unique, always directly responsive to that person's life problems, and always a matter of Divine guidance.

This lineage so to speak was passed on to him by his own Sheikh, and in this regard, Effendi mentioned only that the interpretations were revealed to him by a source higher than his own conscious mind. Effendi often noted, in this context, that his interpretations had nothing to do with reason or psychology, or the dream journals of popular schools of dream interpretation.

And what has all this to do with a book of poetry?

In the tradition of so many of the great Sufi Masters throughout the centuries, Effendi was also a poet, an ecstatic poet in the manner of Rumi and Kabir, Hafiz and Farid al-Din Attar, and he speaks (one hesitates to use the past participle) with the full force of conviction and experience. His is the poetry of faith, informed by thought and observation no doubt, but it is also a faith whose roots reach back through the ages, finding their source in the very life and times of the Prophet Muhammad.

In much the same way, Effendi's poetry is not the secondary reflections of the professional or amateur literateur, but the poetry of experience, of longing really, of a declared passion for the Truth and a willingness to live in the light of that passion, willing even to sacrifice one's own life for a glimpse of the Beloved.

Such has always been the theme of the great Sufi Masters and poets. And it is a theme that has traditionally carried within it it's own special symbols. Once these symbols are understood, however, the inner meanings of this vast body of mystical poetry stand revealed. The often lyrical and vivid expressions of what might appear to the uninitiated reader as expressions of romantic love merely point to the doorway through which the exalted universe of mysticism and Divine Love pour forth.

For the mystic, as Effendi has so frequently written, the beloved is God Himself; the cupbearer is the Sheikh, or spiritual guide; wine is the vitality of mystical union or experience; and the drunkenness of which so many Sufi poets have written is the intoxication, or ecstasy, or even absorbtion of the soul within the Divine Beloved. The mystic has come face to face, heart to heart, soul to soul with al-Ḥaqq, the Truth.

Symbolism notwithstanding, this is still the poetry of tradition as well as experience, whose authority rests in the Sacred Law of the Sharia, the Mystical Path of the Tariqa, the Direct Experience of the Haqiqa and the Gnostic Wisdom of the Marifa.

Sheikh Muzaffer never turns his attention from these Four Gates on the way to Truth, for it is here that the Sufi master, as have many in this tradition, penetrates further into the Divine mystery. And as with all truly great teachers, Effendi continually reminds us that God is there for us, that He exists and that we can approach Him in our own lifetime, in these very bodies. Not at all interested in a community of followers, again and again Effendi exhorts us, his Dervish and his reader, to have our own experience of the truth.

The 'Divan' itself is a well-known mid-eastern expression for a book of lyrical poems, but as in the case of the inspired Sufi poets, it becomes something on the order of an edition of love-letters from the lover to the Divine Beloved. In that sense, the poems are transforming devices, a series of meditations and illuminations on the Divine mystery, as well as the passionate unfoldment of the poet's own vision and experience of Divine love.

Sheikh Muzaffer's poetic themes all reflect this passion for the Divine mystery. They speak of his longing for the Divine, his constant remembrance of God, his absolute faith in the Affirmation of Divine Unity, his understanding of the ever-present invitation to God, the Unity of God, the mystery and transcendent aspects of Dhikr, the Sufi Ceremony of Remembrance, his awareness of death, and for this great Sufi Master, the example of the Prophet Mohammad himself as a guide for mankind in the painful voyage from ignorance to Divine illumination.

These great spiritual themes echo again and again throughout the poems: refrains that hauntingly and subliminally remind the reader that the message is not in the rhyme, nor the elegance of the language, nor even in quotations from Holy Verse. The purpose is not secular but spiritual, and Effendi does not hesitate to repeat it. Time and again he reminds us that we belong unhesitatingly and unswervingly on the Path of Truth. With the awareness of death looming over us in the unapproachable immensity of the universe, we are still faced with the challenge of our own human destiny, that of becoming pilgrims on the way to God.

And so, with the greatest of compassion and the most sympathetic of hearts, Sheikh Muzaffer poured out the fruits of a lifetime of devotion and faith, discipleship and mastery. His poetry overflowed from a heart that contained affection and regard for the whole of humanity, but whose spiritual eye was fixed unwaveringly on the Divine Presence.

Through his poetry, as he did in every aspect of his life, Sheikh Muzaffer wished for others nothing less than that Divine radiance he had found for himself, and this is always the truest legacy the spiritual guide can bequeath his followers and friends. Ashki's Divan is not merely a book of poems, but the inspired and intimate prayers of a heart that reflected God's love from the fullness of it's own experience.

Louis Rogers
Pir Publications
Westport, CT.

ASHKI'S DIVAN

Before time began I caught fire and turned to ash,
I plunged into the fire and became a rose,
I called His Name with longing and became a heart,
I came to burn in the arena of Love,
I came to cry Hu and return to Allah.

Strip the veil from me, let me be naked,
Let me fly on the wing of Love,
Let me behold His beauty once again,
I came to burn in the arena of Love,
I came to cry Hu and return to Allah.

from The Arena Of Love
p. 28

BISMILLAH, IN THE NAME OF ALLAH

Our Lord bestows His favor.
By the wisdom of the Name of Allah.
He makes easy every task.
By the majesty of Bismillah.

He levels mountain and rock,
He turns night into day,
He turns one reward into a hundred.
By the strength of Bismillah.

A verse from the Quran,
Observance of the Laws,
Providence from the Lord.
By the power of Bismillah.

It is the key to the Holy Book,
Your discourse attains the Truth,
Your hustle is relaxed.
By the authority of Bismillah.

It is the Name of our Lord,
Remembrance of Him with reverence,
It is our heart's desire.
By the honor of Bismillah.

Satan is repelled at once,
Your sins are removed,
Those who remember are honored.
By the sublimity of Bismillah.

He makes Ashki happy,
His efforts are acknowledged,
And his sins forgiven.
By the mercy of Bismillah.

COME TO THE AFFIRMATION OF DIVINE UNITY

You who call yourself intelligent,
Come to the Affirmation of Divine Unity, come.
Before this bird of the soul has flown,
Come to the Affirmation of Divine Unity, come.

The wise affirm Divine Unity,
They turn their steps toward the Truth,
Say "Allah" but once, that is enough,
Come to the Affirmation of Divine Unity, come.

He who affirms the Divine Unity becomes pure light,
From disobedience he is far removed,
From sins he is delivered,
Come to the Affirmation of Divine Unity, come.

Let our tongue affirm Divine Unity,
Let our hearts be happy,
Let our eye behold the mysteries,
Come to the Affirmation of Divine Unity, come.

The Affirmation of Divine Unity is the word of Truth,
Peace for one who remembers,
That for which lovers yearn,
Come to the Affirmation of Divine Unity, come.

The Affirmation of Divine Unity is safety and security,
It is the key to the Gardens of Paradise,
It is the time that will be spoken of,
Come to the Affirmation of Divine Unity, come.

Ashki affirmed Divine Unity,
He uttered the word of Truth,
He made sure of the beauty of Paradise,
Come to the Affirmation of Divine Unity, come.

LET US AFFIRM DIVINE UNITY

Let us enter the way of Truth,
Come, let us affirm Divine Unity.
Let us behold Truth's beauty,
Come let us affirm Divine Unity.

It is the cure for affliction,
It is the believer's faith,
It is the dervish's commandment,
Come, let us affirm Divine Unity.

This affirmation extinguishes the Fire,
Turning the heart to the Truth,
Soothing all pain,
Come let us affirm Divine Unity.

The angels affirm Divine Unity,
The spheres move in love,
All wishes are fulfilled,
Come let us affirm Divine Unity.

The Source is Divine Unity,
It causes mountains and rocks to tremble,
It wipes tears from the eyes,
Come let us affirm Divine Unity.

His Oneness is revealed,
His Paradise is bestowed,
His Beauty is attained,
Come let us affirm Divine Unity.

Fulfilling our covenant,
Healing our hearts,
Delighting our souls,
Come let us affirm Divine Unity.

Ashki speaks in truth,
To Truth his face is turned,
May the Truth have mercy on us,
Come let us affirm Divine Unity.

REMEMBRANCE OF ALLAH

Sit in the circle of remembrance,
Fill love's cup to the brim,
The most exquisite remembrance is,
La ilaha illallah.

Urge the self to love,
Savor the taste of remembrance,
Come let us say with longing,
La ilaha illallah.

Divine Unity polishes hearts,
Freeing them from rust,
Thus pleasing their Lord,
La ilaha illallah.

He who remembers becomes a king,
And is granted forgiveness,
How beautiful is the dervish circle,
La ilaha illallah.

When you make remembrance,
The Truth responds at once,
He removes all doubt from the heart,
La ilaha illallah.

Come to Unity, come!
May this affirmation turn Fire to Light,
May it bring joy to your heart,
La ilaha illallah.

As tongues affirm divine Unity,
Hearts become radiant,
Nightingales start to sing,
La ilaha illallah.

Waking from the sleep of forgetfulness,
The face of his beloved he beholds,
He who remembers finds the Truth,
La ilaha illallah.

Glorify Him night and day,
Align your heart with the Truth,
If you desire forgiveness,
La ilaha illallah.

Standing, remember the Truth,
Sitting, contemplate the Truth,
With every breath give thanks,
La ilaha illallah.

The angels affirm Unity,
All creatures offer praise,
Men and jinn glorify,
La ilaha illallah.

The dervish's first litany,
Turned the heart to Truth,
And made the rememberer happy,
La ilaha illallah.

They die before dying,
They walk with the Truth,
They see Truth's Beauty,
La ilaha illallah.

It turns the Fire into a rose garden,
It depeletes Satan,
It leads to direct contemplation,
La ilaha illallah.

All blackness becomes white,
All wounds find soothing balm,
Mystery's veil is drawn aside,
La ilaha illallah.

The faces of the Saints,
Glow within with the light of Truth,
These words are forever on their lips,
La ilaha illallah.

The angels bear witness,
Lost lovers find union,
The wakeful make remembrance,
La ilaha illallah.

From all else they are stripped,
Their chests are unburdened,
Their eyes weep,
La ilaha illallah.

They drink the Wine of Unity,
They transcend before they die,
Adorned with the garment of Paradise,
La ilaha illallah.

The opener of doors,
Each letter yields a thousand rewards,
It is the most beautiful response,
La ilaha illallah.

Four thousand sins are pardoned,
All servants find refuge in Truth,
Recite with intensity,
La ilaha illallah.

With seventy-thousand affirmations,
Renew your faith,
Banish torment,
La ilaha illallah.

Jerrahi is our name,
Union is our goal,
Our remembrance, our hymn,
La ilaha illallah.

Nureddin is our master,
We are filled with remembrance of the Truth,
Our path transcends the Throne,
La ilaha illallah.

This is our crowning glory,
The virtue of the dervish,
And Union for Ashki,
La ilaha illallah.

LA ILAHA ILLALLAH

Affirm Unity in every place,
It is the remedy for all pain,
Remember the Truth before dawn,
La ilaha illallah.

Journeying with remembrance of the Truth,
Inclining toward the Face of Allah,
Woe to the forgetful,
La ilaha illallah.

If you long for Union with the Truth,
If you search for Truth's Beauty,
If you seek approval of the Truth,
La ilaha illallah.

Muhammad is our protector,
Sheikh Nureddin our Saint,
Our affirmation and magnification,
La ilaha illallah.

Ashki says: Almighty Lord,
Give peace and blessings to the Messenger!
And let my last words be,
La ilaha illallah.

THE ESSENCE OF THE FOUR BOOKS

By night and day our remembrance,
La ilaha illallah.
With every breath our thought,
La ilaha illallah.

This is the supreme remembrance,
Each sound is in exchange for the Throne,
A riddle for the lover,
La ilaha illallah.

It elucidates "None worthy of worship" (but Allah),
It puts to death the limited self,
It extinguishes the Fire of Hell,
La ilaha illallah.

It leads to "No goal" (but Allah),
It permits one to see the unseen,
It causes Him to grant His Paradise,
La ilaha illallah.

It guides to "No existence" (but Allah),
It teaches what you did not know,
It makes one speak truth to the Truth,
La ilaha illallah.

It is the essence of the Four Books,
It is the speech of the wise,
It is the face of Muhammad,
La ilaha illallah.

It is the name of our Master,
It is the taste in our mouth,
It is Ashki's desire,
La ilaha illallah.

ALLAH ALONE

He Who creates with the order "Be!"
Only Allah, Allah Alone,
He Who adorns with His Light,
Only Allah, Allah Alone.

He Who raises the heavens,
He Who repels disasters,
He Who pardons His servants,
Only Allah, Allah Alone.

He Who illumines the sky,
He Who spreads out the earth,
He Who sees and hears all,
Only Allah, Allah Alone.

He Who sends down rain,
He Who quenches thirst,
He Who causes the spheres to revolve,
Only Allah, Allah Alone.

He Who turns night to day,
He Who levels the mountains,
He Who makes the seasons,
Only Allah, Allah Alone.

He Who aportions sustenance,
He Who causes death and gives life,
He Who makes us laugh and cry,
Only Allah, Allah Alone.

He Who gives pain and brings relief,
He Who gives peace in suffering,
He Who grants a pure heart,
Only Allah, Allah Alone.

He is never unaware, nor does He sleep,
He never ignores your petition,
He never forgets His servants,
Only Allah, Allah Alone.

He Who manifests poverty,
He Who withdraws wealth,
He Who meets His lovers in Union,
Only Allah, Allah Alone.

Creator of good and evil,
Ruler of all beings,
He Who guides the traveler Home,
Only Allah, Allah Alone.

He Who evolves humankind from sperm,
He Who bestows endless favors,
He Who eases difficulties,
Only Allah, Allah Alone.

He Who makes snow fall and turn to ice,
He Who generates the heat of the sun,
He Who makes tyrants tremble,
Only Allah, Allah Alone.

He Who gives fingers and makes them hold,
He Who causes stone and wood to be carved,
He Who causes pain to be forgotten,
Only Allah, Allah Alone.

He Who gives eyes and makes them see,
He Who gives hands and lets them reach,
He Who feeds and clothes,
Only Allah, Allah Alone.

His great bounty, the mind,
His sublime wisdom, thought,
He Who confers Paradise,
Only Allah, Allah Alone.

He Who teaches command and prohibition,
He Who causes whom He wills to smile,
He Who wipes away sins,
Only Allah, Allah Alone.

His perfection is manifest,
Through His works He is apparent,
Worthy of all praise and glory,
Only Allah, Allah Alone.

Ashki says, I am your sacrifice,
Keep me on the path!
He Who sees and protects,
Only Allah, Allah Alone.

PRAISE

Early each morning,
Wake up,
And say from your heart,
Al-hamdu lillah.

The birds in remembrance,
The dervish in contemplation,
The grateful in gratitude,
Al-hamdu lillah.

The nightingales in song,
The roses in supplication,
Say in prayer,
Al-hamdu lillah.

All beings in motion,
One voice is heard,
Saying with every breath,
Al-hamdu lillah.

On my lips the Quran,
My constant litany at all times,
My glorification every moment,
Al-hamdu lillah.

Faith in my heart,
The Sovereign in my breast,
The decree in my hand,
Al-hamdu lillah.

My hands are at work,
While my heart is with the Friend,
In abundance and in constraint,
Al-hamdu lillah.

I have become a Halveti,
I have found happiness,
I have overcome oppression,
Al-hamdu lillah.

I have become a Jerrahi,
I have found the way of Truth,
I have seen the Countenance,
Al-hamdu lillah.

I have reached the dergah,
I have lowered my face,
I have seen His Beauty,
Al-hamdu lillah.

I discovered my place,
I found my path,
I saw my Pir,
Al-hamdu lillah.

The dergah is now open,
In shining Light,
The garment of Paradise is worn,
Al-hamdu lillah.

Do not sleep before dawn,
For that will make you sad,
Wherever you are, say,
Al-hamdu lillah.

Ashki remembers,
He contemplates death,
He gives thanks always,
Al-hamdu lillah.

PRAISE AND GLORY

I'm on fire with Your Love,
Al-hamdu lillah.
I remember You always,
Al-hamdu lillah

The arena is mine,
Your Love is my religion,
My heart is Yours,
Al-hamdu lillah.

You knew my love,
You granted me favors,
You wiped away my tears,
Al-hamdu lillah.

I have fallen into pain,
Through my love, everywhere.
The veil has been torn,
Al-hamdu lillah.

I have become slave to the Friend,
The way to Love I have found,
I do not know what's become of me,
Al-hamdu lillah.

Soul-bird bazaar,
The agent passes by,
Writing my warrant,
Al-hamdu lillah.

I entered the arena,
Immersed in contemplation,
Became crazy,
Al-hamdu lillah.

Muhammad is my soul friend,
Thus, despite all difficulties,
I shall attain Mercy,
Al-hamdu lillah.

Ashki's soul,
Became beloved,
He found his remedy,
Al-hamdu lillah.

GIVING THANKS

My turning is within the turning,
Thanks and praise to Allah.
My vision within radiant lights,
Thanks and praise to Allah.

I took the Sheikh's hand,
I found the way of union,
He brought his servant Home,
Thanks and praise to Allah.

I held him firmly by the hand,
I heard him utter the Affirmation,
I received rapture from his rose,
Thanks and praise to Allah.

A rose bloomed on his cheek,
While angels spread mercy,
He fashioned robes of light,
Thanks and praise to Allah.

In the circle we cried "Allah,"
And were annihilated in His Glory,
In an instant we reached the Throne,
Thanks and praise to Allah.

Ashki met his Beloved,
He reached the Lotus Tree,
He ascended with his Sheikh,
Thanks and praise to Allah.

THE SUPREME NAME

To awake before dawn,
Is remedy for pain,
Listen how everywhere,
Allah is named, the Lord is known.

The Supreme Name,
Remembrance of the All-Merciful,
Glorification of the Self-Sufficient,
Allah is named, the Lord is known.

Beauty is seen,
Perfection is found,
Could they ever fade?
Allah is named, the Lord is known.

Roses in supplication,
Nightingales in music,
Believers in prayer,
Allah is named, the Lord is known.

The lover in remembrance,
The truthful in repentance,
The heart awake,
Allah is named, the Lord is known.

Don't sleep!
Be close to the truth.
The Truth has His remembrance,
Allah is named, the Lord is known.

Remembering with love,
The soul finds the beloved,
The Glorious bestows mercy,
Allah is named, the Lord is known.

Mountain, rock and water sigh,
The hearing listen,
The knowing understand,
Allah is named, the Lord is known.

Ashki is in love,
At the feast of "Am I not your Lord?"
Know with every breath,
Allah is named, the Lord is known.

ONLY ALLAH

O Dervishes, O companions!
Come let us say "only Allah,"
O Lovers, O brothers!
Come let us say "only Allah."

Let our remembrance be "only Allah,"
Let our hearts find peace,
Let light fill our breasts,
Come let us say "only Allah."

All tasks are accomplished through Allah,
Confusion is extracted from the heart,
Let us make merry with the beloved,
Come let us say "only Allah."

The remembrancer is not left destitute,
No grief befalls the one who says "Allah!"
This is your gift of the Hereafter,
Come let us say "only Allah."

The Name of Allah is the crown on our head,
It is the cure for suffering,
It is the joy of the dervish,
Come let us say "only Allah."

Let Allah's Name be your speech,
Fill your being with remembrance of the Truth,
Let your eyes see many mysteries,
Come let us say "only Allah."

Ashki, this is the Supreme Name,
How splendid to remember it,
Let me write as you inspire,
Come let us say "only Allah."

CIRCLING

Let the dervishes gather,
Come, let us circle in remembrance,
Remembrance of the Truth is their task,
Come, let us circle in remembrance.

The whirling dervishes,
Have reached the presence of Truth
Beheld the beauty of the beloved,
Come, let us circle in remembrance.

Circling is the remedy for pain,
A commandment from the Truth,
It is time to turn,
Come, let us circle in remembrance.

Circling is healing for the soul,
The fulfillment of our covenant,
A delight for lovers,
Come, let us circle in remembrance.

Those circling the Throne,
Those on the path of Truth,
Those who hear and listen,
Come, let us circle in remembrance.

May our bodies become weary,
May our hearts fill with light,
Let the heart find its beloved,
Come, let us circle in remembrance.

Ashki is ready to whirl,
Beholding the Truth face-to-face,
Awaiting gracious favor,
Come, let us circle in remembrance.

CIRCLE OF LOVE

Come to the arena,
Enter the circle,
Attain mystic vision,
With the Love of Allah.

Dispel all doubts,
Drive away evil,
Find the All-Merciful,
With the Love of Allah.

Embrace the Quran,
It gives life to the soul,
Reach the beloved,
With the Love of Allah.

Circle of Love,
The Lover's cure,
Remember at every moment,
With the Love of Allah.

Remember His Glory,
Reflect upon forgiveness,
Imbue the heart with Truth,
With the Love of Allah.

Your head in prostration,
Make faith your companion,
Shed your tears,
With the Love of Allah.

In the circle,
Does one seek the self?
One becomes crazy,
With the Love of Allah.

Ashki pleads,
His eyes weep tears of blood,
His essence is in the Truth,
With the Love of Allah.

THE REMEDY FOR PAIN

Let us always remember the Truth,
Let us contemplate His Power,
Let us be thankful for our state,
Allah, Allah, Glory be to Allah,
Remedy for all pains, Allah.

The Truth remembers the rememberer,
He becomes entitled to mercy,
He most surely does attain his goal,
Allah, Allah, Glory be to Allah,
Remedy for all pains, Allah.

Even before time began we said "Oh Yes!"
Those who make remembrance will be saints,
This is the way of union with the Truth,
Allah, Allah, Glory be to Allah,
Remedy for all pains, Allah.

Rememberers do not go empty-handed,
In neither world shall they be sad,
At Arasat they'll not be judged,
Allah, Allah, Glory be to Allah,
Remedy for all pains, Allah.

Stand up and remember the Truth,
Sit down and contemplate the Truth,
Lying down give thanks to the Truth,
Allah, Allah Glory be to Allah,
Remedy for all pains, Allah.

Remembrance is the polish of the heart,
It is the most exalted conversation,
It is the communion of the lover,
Allah, Allah, Glory be to Allah,
Remedy for all pains, Allah.

Ashki has made remembrance his litany,
Remembering he has made circuit,
He has expounded the object of his quest,
Allah, Allah, Glory be to Allah,
Remedy for all pains, Allah.

SUBHANALLAH, GLORY TO GOD

Seems I've become enamoured of the rose,
With my Pir, with my master,
I've yielded up my heart,
Allah, Allah, Glory be to Allah,
Cure for all sorrows, Allah.

I am on fire, never to be quenched,
Never to know my right from my left,
Never to leave this dergah,
Allah, Allah, Glory be to Allah,
Cure for all sorrows, Allah.

The circle remedies all pain,
My ashes are tossed like chaff,
Leave me aflame, Oh mercy, mercy,
Allah, Allah, Glory be to Allah,
Cure for all sorrows, Allah.

Ashki! Be ever aware,
Remembrance is the light in your heart,
Beat your breast and cry "Allah,"
Allah, Allah, Glory be to Allah,
Cure for all sorrows, Allah.

THE ARENA OF LOVE

Before time began I caught fire and turned to ash,
I plunged into the fire and became a rose,
I called His Name with longing and became a heart,
I came to burn in the arena of Love,
I came to cry Hu and return to Allah.

Strip the veil from me, let me be naked,
Let me fly on the wing of Love,
Let me behold His beauty once again,
I came to burn in the arena of Love,
I came to cry Hu and return to Allah.

I abandoned desire, honor, modesty,
I left behind empty wealth,
What use have I for either friends or strangers?
I came to burn in the arena of Love,
I came to cry Hu and return to Allah.

I came to know my secret, it was always inside,
Within this body are Knowledge and Truth,
All the lover longs for is contained in You,
I came to burn in the arena of Love,
I came to cry Hu and return to Allah.

O Ashki, arise, awake from forgetfulness!
Let them say you're crazy when they hear your cries,
Surrender to Love and union is reached,
I came to burn in the arena of Love,
I came to cry Hu and return to Allah.

THE PATH OF LOVE

Let us enter the path of Love,
Crying Ya Hu, Ya Haqq![*]
Let us attain the Essence of Truth,
Crying Ya Hu, Ya Haqq!

Whoever entered this path,
Sooner or later attained his goal,
Love became his litany,
Crying Ya Hu, Ya Haqq!

Your inner being becomes pure,
In your heart the Truth is manifest,
Seen is the first, the last,
Crying Ya Hu, Ya Haqq!

I held the Sheikh's hand,
I found the path of Truth,
I saw the folk of Paradise,
Crying Ya Hu, Ya Haqq!

For Ashki everything is over,
His retreat was fulfilled,
What great dominion he did find,
Crying Ya Hu, Ya Haqq!

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[*] Ya Hu, Ya Haqq: O Essence, O Truth

OH ESSENCE

The beads in my hand,
Yearn to cry Hu,
The affirmation in my heart,
Yearns to cry Hu.

For the Truth I long,
My secret I hide,
My tearful eyes,
Yearn to cry Hu.

The spheres cry Hu,
The angels weep,
Hearts aflame,
Yearn to cry Hu.

In spring, in winter,
When rain is falling,
The eye with every glance,
Yearns to cry Hu.

Get up to whirl,
Become a moth,
Whoever enters the arena,
Yearns to cry Hu.

Ashki, what is this?
Why are you trembling?
This poor dervish,
Yearns to cry Hu.

REMEMBRANCE OF THE LORD

Purify the heart,
Expel from it all evil,
Ascend to the Truth,
Through remembrance of the Lord.

Arrive at the Lotus Tree,
Circle the Throne and Pedestal,
Converse with the Glorious One,
Through remembrance of the Lord.

Hu bestows life on the lover,
It is the mark of creation,
Manifest, it shows the way,
Remember remembrance of the Lord.

Union with the Truth,
Close to Truth's Beauty,
A taste of Unity,
Through remembrance of the Lord.

He is the lover's Friend,
He is all creatures' joy,
He is the Lord of all beings,
Remember remembrance of the Lord.

Fire becomes a rose garden,
The dervish becomes a phoenix,
Soaring to the Ocean of Proximity,
Through remembrance of the Lord.

Ashki is drunk,
Completely happy with the Friend,
His eyes full of tears,
Through remembrance of the Lord.

INTERCESSION, O RASULALLAH

The gate of your kindness is open to your lovers,
Union with you is happiness, O Rasulallah.
Be compassionate, be kind to the unhappy heart,
Your mercy is salvation, O Rasulallah.

I'm grateful for a single glance from you,
Even if you send me away, I'll return without shame,
For your sake I would give my life,
As a sign of my love, O Rasulallah.

If I could humbly enter that pure Resting Place,
I would prostrate myself in the fragrant dust,
If my words could hold the mystery of "But for you,"
This would be a sign of my truthfulness, O Rasulallah.

You are indeed a mercy to all mankind,
A generous intercessor for sinners,
How could I survive cut off from your spirituality?
Take care of this poor dervish, O Rasulallah.

Ashki refuses freedom, he is your servant,
Your way leads the servant to the Truth,
Do not deprive him, let him be with you,
I hope for your intercession, O Rasulallah.

PRINCE OF PROPHETS

You are the Prince of all Prophets, O Rasulallah,
The Guide of all Saints, O Rasulallah,
Your light came first, your mission is last,
You are the axis of the Universe, O Rasulallah.

You were a Prophet before Adam existed,
You are the leader of the Prophets, O Rasulallah,
You bear the seal, O Chosen One,
Most radiant of the Messengers, O Rasulallah.

Sun and moon take their light from your face,
Pearl of the light of Truth, O Rasulallah,
No Prophet ever reached the secret of "Two Bow-Lengths,"
"Or nearer" is your rare gift, O Rasulallah.

The Truth revealed His Beauty and opened your eyes,
You are the diamond of creation, O Rasulallah,
The Lord and his angels bless you with peace,
Your pulpit is the Throne and Pedestal, O Rasulallah.

O beloved of the Almighty, the Quran is your miracle,
You attract us to the way of Truth, O Rasulallah,
Ashki, your imperfect slave, is addicted to you,
Nourisher of compassion and kindness, O Rasulallah.

BELOVED OF THE ALMIGHTY

You are the mine of loyalty in the eyes of the Community,
You are the mirror of purity at the crossroad of mercy,
You are the gleam of choice in the uncertainty of darkness,
You are Ahmad Mahmud Muhammad Mustafa.

You are the full moon of night, the sun of forenoon,
In divine language you are Ya-Sin and Ta-Ha,
Guide to salvation, transcendent generosity,
You are Ahmad Mahmud Muhammad Mustafa.

You are intimate with the mystery of "I was a hidden treasure,"
You are the radiant offering at the feast of "With Allah,"
You are the praiseworthy one through the covenant of "At Your command,"
You are Ahmad Mahmud Muhammad Mustafa.

You are the Almighty's beloved, the Seal of the Prophets,
Delight of the pure hearted, model of the Saints,
Refuge of the poor, friend of the weak,
You are Ahmad Mahmud Muhammad Mustafa.

Intercessor and Holder of the banner of faith,
Sublime principle of Law in the Holy Court,
A mercy to Ashki, more precious than his own soul,
You are Ahmad Mahmud Muhammad Mustafa.

MERCY, O MESSENGER OF ALLAH

Without you, the two worlds would not have come to be,
O Rasulallah.
Your being is the cause of the universe, O Rasulallah.

The Lord sent you as a mercy to all the worlds,
With you every potential became potent, O Rasulallah.

Angels and kings are servants in your retinue,
Men and jinn, the nine spheres are bewildered by you,
O Rasulallah.

The beauty of your face is the mirror of Truth,
The Mystery of the Sublime is hidden in your countenance,
O Rasulallah.

It is the highest privilege to be of your community,
For the Holy Quran esteems you the best, O Rasulallah.

In form you are a slave, in essence you are Truth,
The Merciful revealed Himself in you, O Rasulallah.

Ashki, your sinful servant, is in need of intercession,
Show compassion, hold his hand, Mercy, O Rasulallah.

REFUGE

I am in pain, O Messenger of Allah!
The remedy for pain is with you.
I am a sinful beggar,
Kindness and beneficence are with you.

Hold me by the hand, O Muhammad!
I am a lonely member of your Community.
I await your mercy,
The mystery of the Merciful is in you.

The armies of grief,
Attack me from all sides.
For the afflicted like me,
Protection and safety are with you.

Enemies I took for friends,
Have surrounded me.
Take care of me, my master,
The command is with you.

The exalted Truth,
Calls you kind in His Book.
You are the emblem of mercy and tenderness,
Supreme glory is in you.

You do not reject those,
Who take refuge with you,
You know my state, O Beloved of the Almighty,
The hidden and the manifest are in you.

Dare I petition,
For grace from your court?
You are the refuge of the poor,
The gate of forgiveness is in you.

You are the friend of the weak,
O Messenger of men and jinn,
Glance once at this poor beggar,
The eye of consciousness is in you.

I am afflicted by trial,
Help, O intercessor of Allah,
Be my protector, save me,
The embrace of good and bad is in you.

Your servant Ashki entreats you,
For the love of Allah, rescue him.
In both worlds you are my refuge,
The whole universe is in you.

INTENSE LONGING

Long have I pined for your blessed countenance,
Be kind and show your beauty, O Muhammad Mustafa.
O Prince of Prophets, Messenger of men and jinn,
Do not deprive your slave, ease my heart.

To behold your pure face is the lovers' ascension,
I long to meet you in complete sincerity,
To reach the Truth by the moonlight of your beauty.
Without you, Truth is not attained,
O beloved of the Almighty.

Your gentle face is the Kaaba of lovers,
The circling lovers behold you in ecstasy.
Your most beautiful countenance is indeed
The Qibla of my love,
Does it befit your nobility to reject one attentive to you?

I run between the springs of Safa and Marwa,
For a single glance of your favor.
How tragic if this wound of love should destroy me,
In your sole embrace, count me among your Community.

Ashki glories in the honor of being your servant,
On the path of Truth he has chosen you.
In the eighteen thousand worlds everything is in need of you,
Just delight all lovers with your beauty.

GRACE

I am a humble member of your Community,
Help, O Rasulallah.
I am in need of your grace,
Help O Rasulallah.

I did not escape affliction,
Nor laugh for a single day,
I found no loyal friends,
Help, O Rasulallah.

I was left without a father,
Then bereft of my mother,
There was no escape from suffering,
Help, O Rasulallah.

Left all alone, I was an orphan,
I suffered hunger and thirst,
Today I have no one,
Help, O Rasulallah.

My friends became my enemies,
I wish I hadn't been born,
Envy all around me,
Help, O Rasulallah.

Overtaken by this pain,
My heart a wound from head to toe,
Don't grant victory to my enemies,
Help, O Rasulallah.

Your door is the door of Truth,
It is made of light,
Its structure is munificence,
Help, O Rasulallah.

Show your blessed face,
Let me drown in light,
I am facing your Resting Place,
Help, O Rasulallah.

Help your servant Ashki,
Make his sad heart happy,
Make him prosper through your grace,
Help, O Rasulallah.

MUHAMMAD OF ARABIA

I yearn for your beauty, Muhammad of Arabia.
I need your perfection, Muhammad of Arabia.

The angels are in wonder, as they behold your beauty,
They bless you at every moment, Muhammad of Arabia.

The Prophets are your lovers, the Saints are in love,
Light of the pure hearted, Muhammad of Arabia.

You stood on the Throne, your intent to intercede,
Allah is your friend, Muhammad of Arabia.

You journeyed through the Paradises, beyond the Throne,
You alone reached the Truth, Muhammad of Arabia.

Exquisite splendor of the Throne, intimate with the Truth,
Your community has found prosperity.

Ashki says, let me reach him and stay in his presence,
Let me behold his beauty, Muhammad of Arabia.

THE NOBLE COMPANIONS

The roads of Medina,
Are the best in the region,
The roses of Muhammad,
Are fragrant at his Resting Place.

Those who reach his presence,
Weep for joy,
Stand folding their hands,
They see within light.

It is a garden of Paradise,
It smells of hyacinth,
It is the speech of Muhammad,
In which a nightingale sings.

Abu Bakr the Companion of the Cave,
Among all the Companions,
Became his neighbor,
Stayed always his friend.

Umar firm in justice,
Among such rulers,
Found everlasting life,
In bliss in the Hereafter.

Uthman the model of modesty,
Among the blessed,
The two lights his symbol,
He is among the martyrs.

Ali, a true Saint,
In endless trials,
He is the arm of Muhammad,
Holding within the Community.

Immersed in tears,
We remember Hasan and Husayn,
Until the Resurrection we shall grieve,
Among fellow wayfarers.

Ashki is a humble servant,
Among the people of faith,
Let him find Paradise and Beauty,
Among friends and dervishes.

SUPPLICATION

Free me from pain and sorrow,
My beautiful Allah,
Make my sad heart happy,
My beautiful Allah.

I did not keep Your commands,
Nor follow the straight path,
I committed so many sins,
My beautiful Allah.

You are my only refuge,
My sighs reach up to heaven,
Pardon my sins,
My beautiful Allah.

Your grace is abundant,
I see Your bounties,
I walk uttering Allah,
My beautiful Allah.

I have rebelled so much,
My heart and body are consumed,
You will pardon me, I am sure,
My beautiful Allah.

My face has blackened with sin,
My eye does not see the world,
I ask forgiveness,
My beautiful Allah.

Ashki entered the Presence,
From darkness he came to light,
From sorrow he came to joy,
My beautiful Allah.

COMPASSIONATE GOD

Beggars are not left empty-handed,
Be kind, O Generous One,
Seekers of Your protection are never sorry,
Show mercy, O Compassionate Allah.

I am full of sin,
I have wrought offense upon offense,
Surely my Sovereign will pardon me,
Forgiveness, O Gentle Allah.

Your Essence is all perfection,
Yours is the Judgement, O Lord of Majesty,
Manifest with Your Beauty,
Be gracious, O Wise Allah.

This servant cannot bear Your wrath
Nor endure Your punishment,
He seeks refuge at Your Gate,
Forgive me, O All-Knowing Allah.

Your servant, Ashki, bows his head,
In Your Presence he sheds tears,
His eyes transfixed upon Your Court,
Unite me with You, O Magnificent Allah.

HELP

Pardon my disobedience,
O Allah, my state is oppressing,
Lift me from forgetfulness,
Help, O my Allah!

The book of my life is black,
My deeds are all sins,
You are Your servant's refuge,
Help, O my Allah!

I trust in Your pardon,
I beg at Your door,
If You chase me away I shall return,
Help, O my Allah!

If I sully my face,
How can I approach You?
To whom shall I appeal?
Help, O my Allah!

I have wasted my life,
I am worse than a criminal,
Just call me Your servant,
Help, O my Allah!

Include me among Your Beloved's people,
Give all hearts to that healer,
Pity Your estranged one,
Help, O my Allah!

You said, "Do not despair!"
And flooded us with Your mercy,
You heard Your servants,
Help, O my Allah!

Set Ashki free,
Delight him with Your beauty,
Call him, My servant,
Help, O my Allah!

PRAYER

O my God! I have opened my hands to you,
Do not ruin me with this separation,
Ease my journey to the Friend,
For the love of the angels that hold the Throne.

My eyes are blind with the grief of separation,
My words have lost all meaning,
Patiently I long for the moment of union,
Let me meet You for the love of Gabriel.

You would never reject those who approach You,
Or make weep those who laugh through pain,
You never deprive, but delight those who know You,
Come let us join for the love of Michael.

Let this trial of distance come to an end,
Is it worthy of You that lovers should beg?
You even bestow Your bounty upon unbelievers,
Bring us close for the love of Israfil.

My God! Ashki says, You are my refuge,
My God! In both worlds You are my fulfillment!
My God! You are my Lord, You are my Allah,
Bring us to maturity, for the love of Azrail.

THE BEAUTY OF ALLAH

The one who has received Your grace,
Will he not enter Your Paradise?
The one who has found Your approval,
Will he not see Your beauty?

He who burns with love,
Whose eyes flow with tears,
Who is stripped of all worldly things,
Will he not be united with You?

Observing Your commands,
Struggling with the lower self,
Following the path of Truth,
Will he not overturn mountains?

Burning with the love of Allah,
Waking with remembrance of the Truth,
Colored with the hue of Truth,
Will he not vanquish his lower self?

Finding dignity in service,
Tasting the delight of obedience,
Rejecting all that is gross,
Will he not give his life on the path?

One who is deceived by possessions,
And whose self-image is inflated,
One who is duped by this world,
Does not even Satan loathe him?

Ashki found his orbit,
And directly saw the Truth,
He will soon reach the Friend,
Will he not then gather his roses?

FIVE DAILY PRAYERS

The sign of faith, strength for the soul, light for the heart,
Man's salvation, wherein serenity is tasted,
The direction of wisdom, wherein ascension is found,
Ritual prayer is most loved by the Truth.

Know that each call to prayer is the Truth's invitation,
One day all creatures will be in His Presence,
Those who perform the prayers, receive their reward,
Ritual prayer is most loved by the Truth.

When Israfil sounds his trumpet at the divine Command,
Those who neglected their prayers will lament,
Your superogatory prayers will intercede for you,
Ritual prayer is most loved by the Truth.

On Resurrection Day, you will first be questioned about your prayers,
The careless will become exhausted,
The believers will receive their book of merit from the right,
Ritual prayer is most loved by the Truth.

Purify your face, your hands, your feet of sin,
When you perform ablutions, your being is washed in light,
If you affirm Unity, you will see the Beauty,
Ritual prayer is most loved by the Truth.

Don't sleep through dawn! It's no time for heedlessness,
Prayer will save you, not the doubts of your lower self,
There's no benefit in sleeping, no protection for your soul,
Ritual prayer is most loved by the Truth.

In morning prayer, every supplication is accepted,
In noon prayer, every sickness finds healing,
The purpose is to please the Truth,
Ritual prayer is most loved by the Truth.

In afternoon prayer, one is freed from hell,
In prostration peace descends for the servant of the Merciful,
If you are intelligent, follow the example of Abraham,
Ritual prayer is most loved by the Truth.

Hasten to the evening prayer, its time soon passes by,
Those who enter this fleeting world, one day must leave,
In the evening prayer, one is granted the robe of Paradise,
Ritual prayer is most loved by the Truth.

The night prayer is an ascension for the servant,
A spiritual Pilgrimage to the Holy Places,
A crown of light for the righteous,
Ritual prayer is most loved by the Truth.

In witr prayer, the holy ones reach the Truth,
Those who see the Truth, see Him in His greatest Glory,
The Mercy to all the Worlds has absolved you,
Ritual prayer is most loved by the Truth.

Ashki says: My brother! Let us stand in prayer,
Let our heads strike the ground in prostration, before they strike the mortuary slab,
May we establish a palace of prayer in the gardens of Paradise,
Ritual prayer is most loved by the Truth.

PRAYER AND FAITH

One who says, I am a believer,
Could he ever miss the prayer?
Having witnessed so much bounty,
Could he open the door to unbelief?

Those who forsake obedience,
Who lie and back-bite,
Who consider Satan their friend,
Will they die in faith?

Those who do not stand and bow,
Who do not walk the right path,
Ignoring divine commands,
Will they cross the Bridge?

Those who do not keep their word,
Who do not rein their passions,
Who do not follow the true Messenger,
Will they drink from the Spring of Kawthar?

Those who do not pray,
Nor please the Truth,
Who do not perfect their belief,
Will the Lord have mercy on them?

Those who make faith their crown,
Who practice remembrance,
And who make ascension each day,
Will they take off with strangers?

Ashki! Know and understand,
Apply yourself to prayer,
Does one deprived of wisdom,
Distinguish between good and evil?

THE MONTH OF FASTING

The wheel of time turns with love,
Blessed Ramadan arrives with longing,
The mercy of the Merciful manifests,
Blessed Ramadan arrives with longing.

The believer's heart shines with joy,
Eloquent with remembrance and praise,
Satan is in chains, this month of forgiveness,
Blessed Ramadan arrives with longing.

The Messenger says, its beginning is mercy,
Every wish is fulfilled.
If Truth is the goal,
Blessed Ramadan arrives with longing.

The middle of the month is forgiveness,
Sweet is the breath of the one who fasts,
God Himself bestows reward,
Blessed Ramadan arrives with longing.

The end of the month is deliverance from the Fire,
All is recompensed without reckoning,
The Gardens of Paradise are seized on the Night
of Power,
Blessed Ramadan arrives with longing.

If you wish, seek salvation,
Fasting and prayer are keys to Paradise,
Dead hearts find new life,
Blessed Ramadan arrives with longing.

No community was so fortunate,
No nation received such bounty,
Ashki, good news for Muhammad's people,
Blessed Ramadan arrives with longing.

RAMADAN

With every breath the fasting believer glorifies God,
And in this worship, a human being is like an angel,
Commanded to fight the greatest battle with the self,
The servant thus reaches the Truth's approval.

Listen to what the Exalted Lord says,
Share in these good tidings:
At fast break the divine address will come,
The Lord of Majesty will speak to his fasting servant.

"O my servant! I told you not to eat, and you did not,
You restrained yourself, you did not give in to your lower self,
For My pleasure you went hungry and thirsty,
You did not approach anyone with desire.

Now behold my Face, you are worthy of My approval,
You have surpassed the secret of, 'You shall not see me,'
I have removed My veil, see me directly,
By fasting you have become pure with My light."

Ashki says, "My God! What a blessing,
The one who knows gives his heart to prayer and fasting,
I witness what makes us human in this life,
Is to fulfill God's commandments."

FAREWELL

We have followed Truth's command,
We have sacrificed ourselves,
May the Lord unite us,
Farewell Ramadan, Month of Forgiveness.

Fasting is the believer's crown,
The cure for troubled hearts,
Parting from you is so hard,
Farewell Ramadan, Month of Forgiveness.

Through the days we fasted,
Through the nights we prayed,
And always found mercy,
Farewell Ramadan, Month of Forgiveness.

Obedience is familiar to the believer,
To the hypocrite it is a burden,
What a great bounty is the fast,
Farewell Ramadan, Month of Forgiveness.

Light descended into the mosques,
The angels rejoiced,
Satan was sick with envy,
Farewell Ramadan, Month of Forgiveness.

You are the Sultan of the months,
You are the proof of the faithful,
You are the sinner's salvation,
Farewell Ramadan, Month of Forgiveness.

You are Truth's favor to us,
None should complain,
Your parting burns our hearts,
Farewell Ramadan, Month of Forgiveness.

The believer desires your intercession,
Longing for you, faces turn pale,
People of faith watch out for you,
Farewell Ramadan, Month of Forgiveness.

May our forgetfulness be excused,
May our sins be forgiven,
May our faith prosper,
Farewell Ramadan, Month of Forgiveness.

This is Ashki's prayer,
That you may be pleased with him,
Come grant healing,
Farewell Ramadan, Month of Forgiveness.

THE ROADS OF PILGRIMAGE

Once again, the roads to the Kaaba appear,
The lips of the faithful utter "Labbayk,"
The roses of Medina blossom,
For the love of Allah, we have come to Muhammad.

We covered ourselves with the Pilgim's cloth,
May the unlawful world be far from us,
As we visit the Sanctuary,
For the love of Allah, we have come to Muhammad.

We entered the Kaaba through the Gate of Peace,
We prostrated uttering thanks to God,
Crying "Allah, Allah" we found ecstasy,
For the love of Allah, we have come to Muhammad.

Pilgrims circumambulate the House of Allah,
At the Prophet's tomb pains are soothed,
Nights and days crying Labbayk,
For the love of Allah, we have come to Muhammad.

We circled the Kaaba,
Allah's House was bathed in light,
Remembering with love the Messenger of Allah,
For the love of Allah, we have come to Muhammad.

Intent on reaching Allah,
We ran from Safa to Marwa,
Lord Most High, do not see our faults,
For the love of Allah, we have come to Muhammad.

At Arafat we stood all day,
The Mount revealed its secret of Mercy,
At the Messenger's tomb we found Paradise,
For the love of Allah, we have come to Muhammad.

At Mina we bowed our heads and made sacrifice,
For when asked, "Am I not your Lord," we replied, "Yes."
We attained the mystery of the All-Merciful's Friend,
For the love of Allah, we have come to Muhammad.

Our leader is Nureddin Jerrahi,
Our path is the Quran and the principles of conduct,
The Exalted Lord has made us happy,
For the love of Allah, we have come to Muhammad.

Let us not be called Pilgrim only in name,
Let accursed Satan not mock our state,
May we enter the mystery, may no veil remain,
For the love of Allah, we have come to Muhammad.

May we stand in ranks at the Kaaba of the heart,
May we find the way from the heart to Truth,
May we meet the approval of the All-Merciful,
For the love of Allah, we have come to Muhammad.

Our thirst was sated at the well of Zamzam,
We were intimate with Abraham at his station,
Our every second was in supplication,
For the love of Allah, we have come to Muhammad.

The Kaaba is a great market-place,
Souls are on auction, the auctioneer patrols,
Recording angels perceive a thousand secrets,
For the love of Allah, we have come to Muhammad.

Heads prostrate at the call "Allahu Akbar!"
Tears of love stream from our eyes,
Every action of the faithful begins with love,
For the love of Allah, we have come to Muhammad.

May the Lord have mercy on us all,
For on this way we suffer many hardships,
He has taken good care of Ashki,
For the love of Allah, we have come to Muhammad.

SEPARATION

If I were to reach the regions of Hijaz,
And set out upon the Kaaba roads,
And to the tongues reciting Labbayk,
Become a sacrifice.

If I were to don the pilgrim's vestment,
And feel welcomed at the House of Allah,
If I were to salute the Messenger of Truth,
And become a guest.

If I were to circumambulate, on fire,
Then satiate my thirst at Zamzam,
Remembering the Name of Truth,
Weeping, weeping.

If I were to find peace at Safa,
And nobility at Marwa,
If I were to kiss the seal,
And become bewildered.

If I were to reach the Black Stone,
And stand awhile at Multazam,
If I were to beg the Truth's approval,
And become a proof.

At the Station of Abraham,
At the Site of Ismail,
Beside the Shayba Gate,
Looking on, looking on.

If I were to stand at Arafat,
And climb the Mount of Mercy,
If I were to go to the Namra Mosque,
And bare myself.

High is the glory of Muzdalifa,
If I could spend one night there,
If I could whirl around the Sanctuary,
If I could whirl.

If I were to spend three nights at Mina,
Offer sacrifices and cut my hair,
If I were to throw pebbles at the Three Pillars,
If I were to give my promise.

Ashki, the Kaaba is within you,
Your wishes are fulfilled,
To join with the Truth,
If I were to attain knowledge.

THE NIGHT OF BIRTH

It is the month of the Prophet's birth, Rabi al-Awwal,
That night darkness drowned in light,
The king of Messengerhood appeared,
This night the beloved of the Almighty was born.

This night has flooded the worlds with light,
Brought happiness to hearts,
Gave consciousness to humanity,
This night the Chosen Messenger was born.

Mountains and rocks bow in ecstasy,
Heads prostrate in gratitude,
Tears are wiped away,
This night the beloved of the Almighty was born.

This night souls received their beloved,
The commandment was given to lovers,
Remedy was given for pain,
This night the Chosen Messenger was born.

This night lovers form their circle,
They whirl around the Throne and Pedestal,
Witnessing the beauty of the Messenger,
This night the beloved of the Almighty was born.

This night the sun of reality rose,
"But for you" became the secret cause of creation,
Intercession manifest by the master of tenderness,
This night the Chosen Messenger was born.

Perfect in essence, mirror of the Truth,
He embraces the world in his Mission,
The nine heavens, men and jinn, move under his rule,
This night the beloved of the Almighty was born.

The moon's beauty has graced Ashki,
In dream I beheld his spirit,
His perfection is known to all,
This night the beloved of the Almighty was born.

THE MONTH OF ALLAH

We have entered the month of Allah,
The faithful glory in its coming,
The wise contemplate its tidings,
We have entered the month of Allah,
Al-hamdu lillah.

The first night spend in worship,
The first day fast for Allah's sake,
Know your weakness, be constant in service,
We have entered the month of Allah,
Al-hamdu lillah.

Know, the month of Rajab is a treasure,
One must wipe out sins by repentance,
Muslims should rejoice,
We have entered the month of Allah,
Al-hamdu lillah.

What good fortune for one who values it,
Make your heart pure, turn to Allah,
Receive mercy, put out Hell's Fire,
We have entered the month of Allah,
Al-hamdu lillah.

The Affirmation should never leave your lips,
Do not unfasten the belt of ardor,
Drink your fill from this torrent of mercy,
We have entered the month of Allah,
Al-hamdu lillah.

Prayer safeguards you from rebellion,
Fasting redeems you from sin,
Believers! This is the highest intercession,
We have entered the month of Allah,
Al-hamdu lillah.

If you wish to drink from the Well of the Prophet,
And wear the raiment of Paradise,
If you wish to die in faith,
We have entered the Month of Allah,
Al-hamdu lillah.

Ashki, be constant on the way of Truth.
Rajab is His favor to the servant of Truth,
Be steadfast in service,
We have entered the Month of Allah,
Al-hamdu lillah.

DIVINE FAVOR

Tonight the gates of mercy have been opened,
Greetings have come to the believer from his Lord.
Dark oppression has been abolished by Affirmation of Unity and Praise,
Gifts have come from the Exalted Truth.

As the fire of love falls on the wounded heart,
Light has come down upon the spirit with glorification and magnification,
He has had compassion for the sinful band,
Inspirations have come with the crown of guidance.

With love the mountains and rocks cried "Truth!"
Blood and tears poured from all eyes,
Heads upright, bowing, in prostration,
Words have come with promise of forgiveness.

We are Your servants, O Noble Allah!
Have mercy on us, O Compassionate Allah!
Forgive us by Your grace, O Forbearing Allah!
Favors have always come to the sinner.

If You chase us from Your door, to whom shall we go?
If You burn us in Your fire, what shall we do?
"You are the One True Object of Worship," we cry;
The servant has disobeyed, yet favors have come.

For the love of Muhammad pardon us,
Do not darken our sad faces at the Resurrection,
Tearful eyes at the Court of Majesty,
By means of repentance possibilities have come.

O my God! My sins are higher than mountains,
I am filled with disobedience day and night,
In hope of drinking from the Messenger's Kawthar,
To Ashki's ear understandings have come.

THE NIGHT OF ABSOLUTION

The account of deeds is presented to the Truth,
Your absolution is granted,
Life and sustenance are decreed,
Your needs are known on the Night of Absolution.

In dreams Kawthar is tasted,
The believer is adorned in light,
The gate of Paradise opens to the lover,
The Garden is entered the Night of Absolution.

Believers are free from Hell,
Deniers find their destined place,
All good and evil is evident,
The accounts are closed on the Night of Absolution.

Fast with yearning that day,
Pray with joy that night,
Be constant in the service of the Lord,
Mysteries are attained the Night of Absolution.

The fifteenth of Shaban brings goodness,
The heedless are slaves to their egos,
He who knows its power is one with the All-Powerful,
The Presence is entered the Night of Absolution.

A call goes out to the world this night,
All needs are fulfilled,
Favors are bestowed upon the believer,
Displayed before him the Night of Absolution.

O Ashki! Recite Sura Dukhan,
Anxiety and fear are lifted from your heart,
The one who wishes to inhale the fragrance of Paradise,
Will embrace the Quran on the Night of Absolution.

THE NIGHT OF POWER

The Truth Most Exalted,
Conveyed His Power in the Sura Qadr,
The Lord Most High in His bountiful grace
Delights His servants on the Night of Power.

He made the Quran descend that night,
And sent Gabriel with his mission,
The Lord Most High sends greetings of peace,
And stills our weeping on the Night of Power.

More precious than a thousand months,
He imparts to us the power of this Power,
Filling with light believers and deniers,
He guides us to Mercy on the Night of Power.

The one who knows this power sees it in each day,
The vanities of the forgetful wrong the self,
Understanding comes with this night,
His Dominion is transmitted on the Night of Power.

Blessed is the one who prostrates this Night,
Blessed is the one who enters ecstasy,
Blessed is the one who receives honor,
Paradise is granted on the Night of Power.

O Ashki! Know this Power and offer thanks,
Prostrate and remember,
Meditate on your Lord's favor,
He extinguishes the Fire on the Night of Power.

REPENTANCE

You who disobey the Truth,
Come to repentance, come repent,
You who blaspheme and slander,
Come to repentance, come repent.

Before the bird of life has flown,
Before you leave this world,
Before the opportunity is lost,
Come to repentance, come repent.

Sin has filled the scale,
The soul has sprung the cage,
Don't wait for your last breath,
Come to repentance, come repent.

Whoever you are, I say,
Bow your head in prostration,
Shed tears from your eyes,
Come to repentance, come repent.

Your face is blackened,
Your breast scarred a thousand times,
Implore the All-Forgiving One,
Come to repentance, come repent.

The sinner is crushed,
The penitent is forgiven,
Everyone sees what he has done,
Come to repentance, come repent.

What have you gained by this rebellion?
Your life has passed in forgetfulness,
Finally realize your impotence,
Come to repentance, come repent.

Ashki, make repentance too.
Your turn is coming,
The Lord is ready to forgive,
Come to repentance, come repent.

LET US CELEBRATE THE FEAST

O Lord! Pour us the wine of Your Love,
Let us drink in celebration of the Feast,
Let us hear Your divine word Return,
And die in faith celebrating the Feast.

Do not separate us from the Quran and our faith,
My God, do not fill us with unlawful food!
Forgive us if we stray from Your Path,
Let us discern with knowledge, let us celebrate the Feast.

Make our faces white at the gathering,
Enlighten our eyes with Your Light,
Purify our essence from sin,
Let us be weighed in the Balance, let us celebrate the feast.

Make us Your servants, and part of the Community,
Assemble us beneath Muhammad's Banner of Glory,
Open the gates of Paradise to us,
Let us soar with Ridwan, let us celebrate the Feast.

Grant Ashki to behold Your Face,
Let me delight in your beloved,
Give me a place in Your Paradise,
Let's break the fast together, let us celebrate the Feast.

SINCERITY

The lonely and destitute of love's people,
Are sick till they reach the feast of union,
Remembrance and Affirmation are their elixir,
The remedy for pain is in the Verse of Sincerity.

Recite sincerity, come to sincerity, be sincere,
Be seated on the Seat of Truthfulness,
Become heir to the Prophets and Saints,
Union with the Beloved is in the Verse of Sincerity.

Let "He is Allah, the One," be your litany,
The bounty of the Generous One is limitless,
If you wish, find ease and tranquility,
The mystery of the Glorious One is in the Verse
of Sincerity.

Grant Your servant Ashki sincerity,
Guide him to Your path of love with sincerity,
Admit him to Your Presence through sincerity,
The Decree and the Command are in the Verse
of Sincerity.

THE APPROVAL OF THE TRUTH

If anyone seeks the Truth's approval,
Know what He requires, for there it is hidden,
Whatever is in accordance with the Sacred Law,
Maybe the Truth's approval is hidden there.

The servant must always obey the command of the Truth,
He must order what is right and prevent what is wrong,
He must go on the straight path sincerely,
Maybe the Truth's approval is hidden there.

The believer must be clean inwardly and outwardly,
He must perform the major and minor ablutions,
He must perform all his prayers on time,
Maybe the Truth's approval is hidden there.

Come, brother! Always pray in congregation,
Pronounce benedictions on the True Messenger,
Speak the truth, always say good things,
Maybe the Truth's approval is hidden there.

Train your lower self by fasting,
Abandon frivolous desires,
Adorn each breath with the Affirmation of Unity,
Maybe the Truth's approval is hidden there.

If you have the means, don't neglect the Pilgrimage,
Give the alms-due, don't forget the obligation,
Beware of abusing human rights,
Maybe the Truth's approval is hidden there.

Be good to your parents if they're alive,
Serve them, regard the opportunity as an honor,
Be grateful if they pray for you,
Maybe the Truth's approval is hidden there.

Visit relatives and make them happy,
Wipe away the tears of those who weep,
Feed the hungry, clothe the poor,
Maybe the Truth's approval is hidden there.

Work, earn. Don't sit idle!
Don't be a lazy beggar!
Be thrifty, don't squander your earnings,
Maybe the Truth's approval is hidden there.

Shun the unlawful, don't stray from the lawful,
On the way to the lawful, don't go after the unlawful,
Rely on yourself, don't fight with others,
Maybe the Truth's approval is hidden there.

If you're a worker, love your work,
If you're an employer, love your worker,
In the workplace, give no room to injustice,
Maybe the Truth's approval is hidden there.

If you're a tradesman, don't play with your scales,
Don't sell underweight, bruised or rotten goods,
Beware of ever deceiving people,
Maybe the Truth's approval is hidden there.

If you are an official, always be fair,
Don't lose your faith by behaving like a tyrant,
Don't stray from the path by taking bribes,
Maybe the Truth's approval is hidden there.

If you are married, treat your family well,
Teach your children to read the Quran and to study,
Teach the Religion, say kind words,
Maybe the Truth's approval is hidden there.

Honor and respect your seniors,
Be kind and helpful to your juniors,
Be generous and serve your relatives,
Maybe the Truth's approval is hidden there.

Make friends with righteous folk,
Don't get involved in bad people's schemes,
Heed the advice of your good friend,
Maybe the Truth's approval is hidden there.

Every guest is a gift from the Truth,
To honor him is part of the Noble Sunna,
Feed your guest and go hungry yourself,
Maybe the Truth's approval is hidden there.

Learn from all creatures,
Beware of abusing animals,
Give your oath, then prepare to keep it,
Maybe the Truth's approval is hidden there.

Satan is your foe, don't think him a friend!
Don't think of him without seeking refuge with Allah,
Don't be deceived by your enemy,
Maybe the Truth's approval is hidden there.

Don't forget the sins you've committed,
Don't delude yourself with vain fantasy,
Don't ignore the difference between sinner and penitent,
Maybe the Truth's approval is hidden there.

Seek forgiveness, regret your sin,
Henceforth be a servant of the Truth's command,
Turn back to the Truth, become a new man,
Maybe the Truth's approval is hidden there.

Reject oppression, be no friend to tyrants,
Don't be a burden to anyone in this world,
Be as sweet as the rose, not a hurtful thorn,
Maybe the Truth's approval is hidden there.

Be thankful in good times and bad,
Ponder the source of fate and affliction,
Remember the Creator night and day,
Maybe the Truth's approval is hidden there.

Beware of arrogance, envy, hypocrisy,
Don't shun the light in fear like the owl,
Seek help from the Almighty,
Maybe the Truth's approval is hidden there.

Beware of betraying a trust,
Don't forsake your covenant or your religion,
Don't shield a crime in your testimony,
Maybe the Truth's approval is hidden there.

Beware of bad words, watch your tongue,
Don't make your hand a tool for bad deeds,
Don't stray from the path by keeping bad company,
Maybe the Truth's approval is hidden there.

Gossip destroys a nation,
It leads to discord, corruption, and hypocrisy,
Keep yourself clear of such baseness,
Maybe the Truth's approval is hidden there.

Don't make a mockery of anyone, don't break a heart,
Don't fling faults in people's faces,
If you fall, don't lay a trap for others,
Maybe the Truth's approval is hidden there.

Make the Quran the criterion in all you undertake,
Beg the Truth to satisfy your needs,
Though it's hard to follow the Sacred Law,
Maybe the Truth's approval is hidden there.

Hold steady between fear and hope,
No harm comes from fear and hope,
The intelligent person seeks dignity in service,
Maybe the Truth's approval is hidden there.

Know well that death is very near to you,
Beware of falling into sin and being heedless,
"Come, My servant!" comes the call of the Truth,
Maybe the Truth's approval is hidden there.

Ashki invites his brethren to the Truth!
He wishes them to be people who offer prayers,
If we pass the test with personal honor,
Maybe the Truth's approval is hidden there.

AS A MAN SOWS, SO MUST HE REAP

Do not be proud of beauty and grace, they come and go like the wind,
Whoever comes into this fleeting world must drink the wine of death,
The wise know good from bad, and choose,
If we fail to please the Truth, we leave this world as animals,
As a man sows, so must he reap.

We cannot trust in wealth and property, possessions crumble,
We cannot boast of status, for it vanishes like a mirage,
He who scorns a silk mattress, will one day be dust,
If we fail to please the Truth, we leave this world as animals,
As a man sows, so must he reap.

One who dies before he dies becomes eternal with the Truth,
A person of insight learns from all he sees,
Good and bad will catch up with their owners,
If we fail to please the Truth, we leave this world as animals,
As a man sows, so must he reap.

Whoever is born into this world must please the Truth,
All who come, leave again, seek instruction from this,
One becomes truly human through effort and with spiritual help,
If we fail to please the Truth, we leave this world as animals,
As a man sows, so must he reap.

Your deeds are faithful companions, do not neglect your worship,
Accept the words of Truth, don't be deprived like Iblis,
Respect the rights of others, then you won't be cursed,
If we fail to please the Truth, we leave this world as animals,
As a man sows, so must he reap.

The settler migrates, no one remains, the world is a guest-house,
Know that it is crazy to be deceived by its beauty,
Cities crumble and become wondrous ruins,
If we fail to please the Truth, we leave this world as animals,
As a man sows, so must he reap.

Keep your word, do not make false promises,
Foresee the gathering for Judgement, before the angel blows on his trumpet,
If all the world says "No" persist in affirmation,
If we fail to please the Truth, we leave this world as animals,
As a man sows, so must he reap.

Ashki, prepare for death, it soon comes!
The wealth we are left with is our shroud,
Attach your heart to Muhammad, this is the only power and glory,
If we fail to please the Truth, we leave this world as animals,
As a man sows, so must he reap.

THE PATH OF TRUTH

Don't imagine there's another way,
The way of Truth is wide open,
Those who enter it succeed,
They become intimate knowers of God,
Aware of mysteries.

They know, who know each other,
Those who attain mystic knowledge,
And converse with the Truth,
They become intimate knowers of God,
Aware of mysteries.

Whoever finds wisdom
In the company of Saints,
And in the love of Muhammad,
Becomes an intimate knower of God,
Aware of mysteries.

This arena is eternal,
The ignorant cannot step into,
Whoever whirls with truthfulness,
Becomes an intimate knower of God,
Aware of mysteries.

Those who give their hearts to Truth,
And attain to Reality,
Infused with the Pir's grace,
Become intimate knowers of God,
Aware of mysteries.

The arena is the companion of,
Muhammad and Ali,
Whoever cried "Yes" before time,
Becomes an intimate knower of God,
Aware of mysteries.

Those whom love makes sigh,
Who give their selves to the path,
Spiritually endowed by Jerrahi,
Become intimate knowers of God,
Aware of mysteries.

Ashki! Truth is manifest,
Truth through Truth appears,
Hearing words of Truth,
One becomes an intimate knower of God,
Aware of mysteries.

THE PERFECT GUIDE

Come! You who would give up life and soul,
To journey on the path of Love,
Turn back if you cry hypocrite's tears,
They gain you nothing.

Come! Do not hesitate,
Abandon desire for status,
Come! Abandon abandonment,
Separate good and evil.

To those who are truth with the Truth,
Who sacrifice their lives on the path of Truth,
Who in this life reach Truth,
What are silver and gold?

Seems you are wrapped in flesh and blood,
Appearing as a human being,
It seems you just drag yourself along,
There's no radiance in your eyes.

You make no effort to become a man,
You have the form, but not the content,
You have the eyes, but not the insight,
You thought this transitory world eternal.

If you ask to find the way of Truth,
If you ask to become a perfect human being,
Surrender to a spiritual master,
Take this advice from Ashki.

THE GREATER WAR

At the feast of "Am I not your Lord?",
in affirmation of Truth,
I was among those who prostrated,
saying "Yes, indeed!"
Waging war against the self,
In this endeavor I found ecstasy.

With love I surrendered to destiny,
I endured suffering and became serene,
Reduced to dust and scattered,
Cherishing renunciation.

I exchanged my gown for a coarse robe,
I plunged into the ocean of trial,
And remained lost in bewilderment,
That trial is a blessing.

I have suffered every affliction,
My heart found no pleasure in this world,
Though my afflictions increase without end,
I just smile upon my condition.

It does not befit Ashki to complain,
The decree of my Friend is pure joy,
To see one as two is disastrous,
Thank God, I realized this secret.

SUPREME HELPER

I came to Baghdad,
And fell into the torrent of love,
I was infatuated with the rose of
Sultan Abd al-Qadir.*

I submitted to his word,
And attached my being to his,
I fell in love with the face of
Sultan Abd al-Qadir.

I uttered Hu at his resurrection,
And tasted the sweetness of his love,
On my heart I engraved the litanies of
Sultan Abd al-Qadir.

I made his rose my crown,
He became a remedy for my pain,
I extracted the secret of
Sultan Abd al-Qadir.

The Friends of God stand in ranks,
Everyone moves to bow down,
They circle the house of
Sultan Abd al-Qadir.

The nightingale of the Prophet's garden
Found union with the Truth,
Accepted is the prayer of
Sultan Abd al-Qadir.

The grandson of Muhammad
Cast his light on the Throne,

---

* Hazreti Abd al-Qadir Gaylani

I saw the manifestation of
Sultan Abd al-Qadir.

Assist Ashki.
Delight him with your favor.
Praise the qualities of
Sultan Abd al-Qadir.

HELP, O HAZRETI MEVLANA

Entreating love in your presence, Mevlana,*
If I drink a cup from your hand,
If with one glance you strip me of all but God,
If I become drunk and ecstatic, Mevlana.

Your holy tomb is the Kaaba of lovers,
Your fragrant dust is the remedy for pain,
If I whirl in a circle,
And fly beyond the spheres, Mevlana.

Those who come in need are made whole,
As the soul finds its lover it becomes the beloved,
Lover and beloved enter Paradise,
If I come, I too would choose my beloved, Mevlana.

You have your book, though you are not a Messenger,
You address yourself to all mankind,
You rush to the sad and to the oppressed,
By your grace, if I reveal your secret, Mevlana.

Beloved servant of Allah,
You found Truth's Path through Muhammad's love,
You drank your fill from Ali's hand,
If you give me one drop, I shall shower it, Mevlana.

Your smile heals people of the heart,
Your care sustains people of love,
A single glance suffices your slave,
If I might receive it, let me die this way, Mevlana.

Ashki is your eternal servant,
He who has a heart dies on Truth's path,
A true lover smiles when he dies,
If I but once kissed your foot, Mevlana.

---

* Hazreti Mevlana Jelaluddin Rumi

ATTRACTION

This unfolds from your grace,
You turned our fire into light,
We follow in your footsteps,
O noble Nureddin.

You are the Halveti nightingale,
You are the Jerrahi rose,
You are the chosen servant of Truth,
O noble Nureddin.

Pure consciousness of Allah's love,
The light of Muhammad and Ali,
Manifest in your being,
O noble Nureddin.

Your miracles are obvious,
Boundless is your mystic power,
What is sought is found in you,
O noble Nureddin.

Anchor of my soul,
Pulse that beats in my heart,
You whose hand I hold,
O noble Nureddin.

May I reach your court,
And stand there in awe,
May I see your beauty,
O noble Nureddin.

Healer of all suffering,
Sultan of hearts,
You are the lion of the Saints,
O noble Nureddin.

Lift me up, I have fallen,
Plunge me into mercy,
Take me into your Presence,
O noble Nureddin.

Ashki presents his qualities,
Praises his perfection,
May he convey his state of union,
O noble Nureddin.

HAZRETI PIR

I am a beggar beseeching your mystic grace,
O Hazreti Nureddin Jerrahi.
I am drawn to your beauty beyond all I see,
O Hazreti Nureddin Jerrahi.

The one who visits your dergah is never destitute,
The one who beholds your moon face is never sad,
The one under your care is never shamed,
O Hazreti Nureddin Jerrahi.

The door of your favor is open to the needy,
Your glance alone is guidance enough,
Show compassion, come to this unhappy heart,
O Hazreti Nureddin Jerrahi.

Whoever pays respect becomes a friend,
Drinks a cup from his hand, becomes drunk,
Reaches the mystery of union, becomes intoxicated,
O Hazreti Nureddin Jerrahi.

Those who come forget their pains,
He dries the tears of those who weep,
He distracts the hearts of the sad,
O Hazreti Nureddin Jerrahi.

Ashki is your servant, my soul is your sacrifice,
O soul in my body, my beloved among the souls,
One glance of yours suffices me, my Sultan,
O Hazreti Nureddin Jerrahi.

INVITATION

If you ask to be shown the way,
Come to Jerrahi now,
He will remove doubts from your heart,
Pir Nureddin Jerrahi.

His spirituality is ever-present,
Seeing into your heart,
He removes obstruction,
Pir Nureddin Jerrahi.

He eases the Path,
And turns hearts toward the Truth,
He makes the tearful laugh,
Pir Nureddin Jerrahi.

He enriches the poor,
And elevates the lowly,
He attracts the rememberer to the Truth,
Pir Nureddin Jerrahi.

He opens the dervish's eyes,
He eases his tasks,
Close friend of the Saints,
Pir Nureddin Jerrahi.

Ashki is his humble servant,
This is the Way of Love,
Master of Masters,
Pir Nureddin Jerrahi.

UNION

Tonight I saw the beloved,
Thanks and praise be to Allah,
I kissed his feet,
Thanks and praise be to Allah.

He brought me a gift,
His litany never leaves my lips,
The heart's desire is fulfilled,
Thanks and praise be to Allah.

He girds his waist with Alif-Lam,
Prayer beads in his hand,
My heart rushes in a torrent of love,
Thanks and praise be to Allah.

His face adorned with light,
So pained by wounds,
How beautiful it was,
Thanks and praise be to Allah.

His beard was black, no trace of white,
His heart pure radiance,
Born of gratitude,
Thanks and praise be to Allah.

He wore a crown on his head,
On his eyebrow a crescent of light,
I drowned in my tears,
Thanks and praise be to Allah.

My Saint, my Master,
To you I sacrifice body and soul,
Never to be free, I am your slave,
Thanks and praise be to Allah.

Ashki arose intoxicated,
Love flooded his soul,
He beheld Nureddin,
Thanks and praise be to Allah.

MANNERS OF THE PATH

This path begins with repentance, a solemn promise and allegiance,
Thus our way is sanctioned by Pir Nureddin,
The path of guidance unfolds with these three steps,
Thus our way is sanctioned by Pir Nureddin.

The path's first decree is mutual love and generosity,
Following the Truth, the patient attain certainty,
Complete trust and contemplation alone are required,
Thus our way is sanctioned by Pir Nureddin.

Knowledge and leniency are pillars of the path,
Surrendered hearts find union through patience and contentment,
Those who see the Truth enter by the gate of gratitude and sincerity,
Thus our way is sanctioned by Pir Nureddin.

Our Order is built on repentence and submission,
The believers glory in restraint and piety,
Through acceptance the wise reach union,
Thus our way is sanctioned by Pir Nureddin.

The Sacred Law is Muhammad's speech, the Mystic Path his action,
Reality is Muhammad's state, his conduct inspires all rules,
Direct knowledge is Muhammad's mystery, achieved by few,
Thus our way is sanctioned by Pir Nureddin.

Ashki presents the principles of the Way of Truth,
Let the conscious prepare for bliss,
Let all dervishes find that source of intercession,
Thus our way is sanctioned by Pir Nureddin.

THE JERRAHI TAVERN

We are Jerrahi souls, offering our lives to Haydar,
To the Five under the Mantle, and to the children of Kawthar,
Life and soul we sacrificed for the Conquerer of Khaybar,
Our title is Slave to the King of Sainthood,
Haydar the Impetuous is our Saint and Sultan.

We kiss the ground on which the Prophet's family walks,
Praise be to Allah, in both worlds we behold Truth in Truth,
Through patience we attained so many secrets on Love's Path,
Our title is Slave to the King of Sainthood.
Haydar the Impetuous is our Saint and Sultan.

He is the King of Kings of the mystery of Sainthood,
For Muhammad said, "I and Ali are from one single light,"
The Quran and the Hadith bear witness to his glory,
Our title is Slave to the King of Sainthood,
Haydar the Impetuous is our Saint and Sultan.

"Your flesh is my flesh ... your blood is my blood," the Messenger proclaims,
"Your soul is my soul," the mystery of union is manifest,
One who imagines them apart cannot attain realization,
Our title is Slave to the King of Sainthood,
Haydar the Impetuous is our Saint and Sultan.

Muhammad is the City of Knowledge, and Ali is its gate,
Those who hold this truth are masters of Reality,
Those who know are the dust of his feet,
Our title is Slave to the King of Sainthood,
Haydar the Impetuous is our Saint and Sultan.

Ashki humbles himself before Hasan and Husayn,
For their noble father is the Cup-bearer of Kawthar,
There is no one as brave as Ali, and no sword like Zulfikar,
Our title is Slave to the King of Sainthood,
Haydar the Impetuous is our Saint and Sultan.

THE WAY OF LOVE

We are seekers of divine bounty,
We are Halveti Jerrahis.
We attract the success of guidance,
We are Halveti Jerrahis.

We drank the Jerrahi wine of love,
Before the world began,
We are enamoured nightingales,
We are Halveti Jerrahis.

Our hearts fell in love,
Attracted by Mustafa's beauty,
For one glance we sacrifice our lives,
We are Halveti Jerrahis.

Haydar al-Karrar the Impetuous,
Sultan of our hearts,
We serve the Family of the Mantle,
We are Halveti Jerrahis.

Through love for the Prophet's family,
We befriend the Friend,
We are far from those who hate them,
We are Halveti Jerrahis.

The twelve Imams and the fourteen Innocents,
Are the crown on our heads,
We are unworthy, yet blessed,
We are Halveti Jerrahis.

The Four Choice Friends,
The Companions and Helpers,
We honor and respect,
We are Halveti Jerrahis.

Our guide is the Book and the Sunna,
Our code the Sacred Law,
We follow the Friends of Allah,
We are Halveti Jerrahis.

We cannot see one as two,
Our way is in Unity,
We travel the path of divine approval,
We are Halveti Jerrahis.

Through Pir Nureddin,
We are guided to Union,
We receive abundant gifts,
We are Halveti Jerrahis.

Through our creed we belong to the Community,
We are among the people of the Sunna,
We are charming beggars,
We are Halveti Jerrahis.

We follow the realized,
We sacrifice ourselves on their path,
We are initiates of the People of Love,
We are Halveti Jerrahis.

Our School is Hanafi,
Our style Halveti,
We are clearly on the Path of Truth,
We are Halveti Jerrahis.

We constantly struggle,
Waging war against our limited selves,
We are a merciful cloak concealing the faults of others,
We are Halveti Jerrahis.

In the Arena of Love we are naked,
In the Court of Truth we weep,
We whirl with drunken passion,
We are Halveti Jerrahis.

O Ashki! Praise be to Allah,
Each of us is a Friend of God,
Begging at the Gate of Union,
We are Halveti Jerrahis.

DEVOTION

Sheikh Nureddin is our Pir,
Our helper in both worlds,
We are his servants,
We are Halveti gems, we are Jerrahi jewels.

Amina is his mother's name,
His father's is Abdullah,
His own name is Muhammad,
We are Halveti gems, we are Jerrahi jewels.

At our helm is Haydar al-Karrar,
Our occupation is remembrance,
We never cease to weep,
We are Halveti gems, we are Jerrahi jewels.

We learned love from Rumi
And mystic knowledge from Bistami,
Perfecting the spiritual journey,
We are Halveti gems, we are Jerrahi jewels.

These are the words of Muzaffer,
He has turned toward his Sheikh,
Held in Jerrahi's arms,
We are Halveti gems, we are Jerrahi jewels.

LONGING

My Sheikh is Fahri,
Glory of the lovers,
Ocean of inner kowledge,
We are Halveti substance and Jerrahi essence.

My Sheikh took my hand,
Guided me to the Truth,
All I saw completed me,
We are Halveti substance and Jerrahi essence.

We offer our lives to him,
Our glory reaches the Throne,
We are encompassed by light,
We are Halveti substance and Jerrahi essence.

His Turning delights the heart,
Enter and fly like a bird,
Become drunk with remembrance,
We are Halveti substance and Jerrahi essence.

His dervishes are warriors,
Finding favor with the Truth,
This is Ashki's supplication,
We are Halveti substance and Jerrahi essence.

LET US NOT FORGET

We shall leave behind life and lover,
Let us not forget the blood of Karbala.
We shall pass through the gardens of Paradise,
Let us not forget the blood of Karbala.

This wound still bleeds in our heart,
We are of Haydar, let us not stray,
Even if they drag us to the gallows,
Let us not forget the blood of Karbala.

Haydar al-Karrar is our leader,
We shed tears for Husayn,
If only one companion remains,
Let us not forget the blood of Karbala.

Ashki weeps for the martyrs of Karbala,
Sobbing he entreats his Lord,
We endure a thousand afflictions,
Let us not forget the blood of Karbala.

TO MY TEACHER

Seeing this world devoid of sincerity and truthfulness,
Husrev Hodja fled this transitory realm,
He chose the Hereafter above passing pleasures,
And settled in the eternal world.

A man of restraint and piety, he practiced what he knew,
He was a perfect human being, trustful in every way,
With compassion he embraced all creation,
Husrev Hodja revealed hidden secrets.

He held the Book of Allah in close embrace,
He paid no attention to criticism,
The call "Return!" echoed through his life,
Husrev Hodja made death his prey.

He loved the Messenger with heart and soul,
He could not tolerate hypocrisy in love,
He never conceded to things of this world,
Husrev Hodja was hidden in his humility.

The Quran and Hadith are his constant companions,
The angels show compassion to him in his grave,
May Truth's blessings be with him on the Day of Resurrection,
Husrev Hodja made faith his identity.

Ashki prays that the Truth may exalt his station,
Let him be next to Mustafa in Paradise,
May he intercede for his friends and dervishes,
Husrev Hodja chose the ultimate favor.

TO MY MOTHER

My eyes always search for you, mother,
Longing fills my heart,
When I think of you I burn with grief,
Your image is always before me,
My heart beats with your love.

For years you soothed my pain,
This miserable time was unkind to you,
Paradise is now your home,
My eyes always search for you, mother,
Longing fills my heart.

You would caress my unhappy head,
You would feed me when I was hungry,
And wipe the tears from my eyes,
When I think of you I burn with grief,
Your image is always before me.

You were father and mother to me,
You carried two burdens,
There is no one like you,
My heart beats with your love, mother,
My eyes always search for you.

You suffered much for your son,
Your beautiful eyes were never dry,
For ten years I haven't heard your sweet voice,
Longing fills my heart, mother,
When I think of you I burn with grief.

You toiled and struggled to raise me,
Your graceful body aged before its time,
I feel your tender kiss on my brow,
Your image is always before me,
My heart beats with your love.

Mother to orphans and the needy,
You gave this passing life meaning,
You were a perfected woman,
My eyes always search for you, mother,
Longing fills my heart.

Then your head was laid to rest,
Faith and the Quran were always your companions,
But even your gravestone was broken,
When I think of you I burn with grief,
Mother, your image is always before me.

"May her grave be filled with light,"
Is the prayer of all who knew you,
Wherever you walked became Paradise,
My heart beats with your love,
My eyes always search for you, mother.

May the Truth make Paradise your abode,
May He place you close to the Messenger,
I shall always recite the Fatiha for you,
Mother, longing fills my heart,
When I think of you I burn with grief.

O Ashki! There is no cure,
Nothing is worse than your mother's absence,
Remember her with compassion, pray for her happiness,
Your image is always before me, mother,
My heart beats with your love.

TO MY DAUGHTER

In the autumn of my life,
I was granted a rosebud,
At the call to morning prayer,
God bestowed His gift.

The nightingale sang at dawn,
A rosebud blossomed on the branch,
My heart melted in ecstasy,
God bestowed his gift.

I named her Aysha,
I tasted the joy of a child,
She was my heart's desire,
God bestowed His gift.

I cuddled my little lamb,
Kissed and caressed my daughter,
In her I beheld my essence,
God bestowed His gift.

A golden yellow head,
Her fine brow drawn with power,
Her hair in golden-spun threads,
God bestowed His gift.

My house was filled with joy,
Happiness and well-being,
All selfishness vanished,
God bestowed His gift.

Ashki attained his desire,
He beheld divine Grace,
His heart found its expression,
The Lord bestowed His favor.

TO MY SON

Gift of my Lord, light of my eye,
Muhammad Junayd, my beloved son,
Inspiration of my heart, joy of my breast,
Muhammad Junayd, my beloved son.

Your name manifested in a dream,
Your picture adorned my secret soul,
He molded your body in perfect form,
Muhammad Junayd, my beloved son.

The heavens are subject to this name,
In it manifests, "He taught the Names,"
May the Truth cause you to be named by your name,
Muhammad Junayd, my beloved son.

Be worthy of your name in this passing life,
Excel your grandfather in praise and glory,
Embrace faith and the Quran in this world,
Muhammad Junayd, my beloved son.

May you live to please God,
May the Prince of Prophets be your beloved,
May you long to perform good deeds,
Muhammad Junayd, my beloved son.

Fight ignorance with the weapon of knowledge,
With knowledge righteousness is found,
Seek knowledge and Allah will provide,
Muhammad Junayd, my beloved son.

Don't eat but give your food to the poor,
Caress the head of the orphan,
If you see someone weep, wipe away the tears,
Muhammad Junayd, my beloved son.

Do not hurt anyone's heart,
Be close to people and the Truth will be close,
Accept the decree of Truth,
Muhammad Junayd my beloved son.

May those who see you praise you,
May they remember us with compassion,
May they delight Ashki's soul,
Muhammad Junayd, my beloved son.

LOVE

The lover laments the others,
Between him and his beloved,
The earth whirls in its orbit,
Moves with the power of love.

Love is the essence of creation,
Love is the inner core of all things,
The lover's vision,
Moves with the power of love.

Joseph in the land of Zulayka,
Azra in the heart of Vamiq,
Majnun on the path to Layla,
Moves with the power of love.

Contemplate mountains and rocks,
Birds flying in the sky,
Summers, autumns, winters,
Move with the power of love.

Angels, men and jinn,
Blood flowing through veins,
Servant and sultan,
Move with the power of love.

Ashki has become a lover,
Set out on love's straight path,
Go, ask everyone, all
Move with the power of love.

THE EYE OF LOVE

Since I gave my heart to beauty,
I can't tell right from left,
Since I saw your face at love's feast,
Like Majnun I've lost my way.

The fragrance of your litany has crazed me,
I cannot hold life's bird in its cage,
Beauty's flame has burned the moth,
Scattered my ashes in a single breath.

From the hands of the beloved I drank love's cup.
Only then I knew the cupbearer.
Exhausted, and drunk from love's torrent,
I found the eternal in this passing world.

No trace remains, am I myself?
If I'm not I, who is the I in me?
Are you me or am I you?
Being finite, who finds the infinite?

Ashki doesn't see the world now that he is drunk,
Only to perfected ones this mystery is known,
The hidden and concealed become manifest,
Those who do not perceive Beauty cannot know.

MYSTERY

It creates a thousand flowers,
The rose always has a thorn,
It makes you search rocks and mountains,
The nightingale weeps.

Captive to love,
Out of control,
Wakened by love's ruses,
Unknown is the beloved's heart.

Love, an essence that can't be seen,
Mystery that cannot be known,
Even if known, it can't be told,
Exists everywhere.

I drank love's poison,
I crossed heart's river,
To find the city of union,
I discovered what was within.

Ashki shares his realization,
The lover's perfection,
Paradise and beauty,
He saw among the truthful.

WHAT AM I?

My life has gone,
Am I a ruin?
I have lost my mind,
Am I crazy?

What is this state?
My sickness gets worse,
Tell me, oppressor,
Am I unknown to you?

I flutter my wings,
Turn round and round burning,
Wither,
Am I a moth?

I am left bewildered,
Taking on colors,
I'm full then empty,
Am I a cup?

My eyes are full of tears,
My knees are weak,
I follow your path,
Am I drunk?

My state is divulged,
Look what is said,
Everyone is amused,
Am I a joke?

They think I am obsessed,
They know me as crazy,
They are all wrong,
Am I so naked?

Let them say what they want,
Let them call me a lover,
Let them know me as mad,
Am I unique?

Ashki gives up his life,
What is the use?
Love's arrow is drawn,
Am I the archer?

ROSE AND THORN

In the grip of love,
Man is destroyed.
One with the dust,
In the grip of love.

I became a slave of love,
What happened to me?
I found myself,
In the grip of love.

My heart in God,
My thought's in longing,
The will is to serve,
In the grip of love.

Scorched heart,
Weeping eyes,
I am naked,
In the grip of love.

I traversed mountains,
Wandered and strayed,
I lost my way,
In the grip of love.

What became of Ashki?
Reduced to ashes,
The thorn became a rose,
In the grip of love.

FABLE

I was charmed by a beauty,
My heart became her fool.

Close to love's candle,
My soul became her moth.

My vessel was filled,
Her cup made me drunk.

I drank and was consumed,
For years I was intoxicated.

I was buried in the land of love,
This death is love's emblem.

Devoted to her beauty,
She stripped me bare.

I became hidden in love's mystery,
I inhabited its ruins.

Her dergah became my home,
I found the mansion of love.

Ashki became love's meaning,
His tale is still being told.

PLEASURE AND PAIN

This heart was unsettled by love,
Thrown by love's delirium,
In exile, longing for reunion,
Became happy seeing you.

When I watched your faithlessness,
I cried, "Do I deserve this suffering?"
And when you threw me a glance of cruel reproach,
My sick heart plunged into joy.

Now everyone knows my secret,
Love has reduced my very being,
Have compassion! Come to this sad heart,
I am your faithful servant.

If this trial lasts my whole life,
At least I have known love.
What do you know of the lover's condition?
The rose is not moved by the nightingale's cries.

Your beauty enraptures my heart,
You are known for your cruelty to lovers,
Could you just smile at me once?
Ashki is Your servant and sacrifice.

WEEP

Tears are your fate my eyes, so cry,
Pouring like a flood, my eyes, pour.

No one smiles at me, no one knows my pain,
No one dries my tears, so cry.

Misfortunate, I spent my life,
In endless suffering, so cry.

I went to prison, I was insulted,
I gave full account, so cry.

My inheritance caused hostility,
My wedding was consumed by mourning, so cry.

I found no tranquility, no moment at rest,
I was not happy for a second, so cry.

They rejoiced in my pain and resented my joy,
They broadcast my distress, so cry.

My head is breaking, this fight never ends,
My tears never dry, so cry.

Ashki, don't sink into despair, life disappears,
Return to your Lord, so cry .

FAITHFUL FRIEND

I am lonely and destitute,
No one is my friend,
Who is close to me?
No one is my friend.

I never smiled in this world,
My head always in trouble,
In this fleeting world,
No one is my friend.

They all smile to my face,
Curse when I turn my back,
Given the chance they beat me,
No one is my friend.

My supposed friend is a foe,
How cruel others can be,
It is time to weep,
No one is my friend.

None to dry my tears,
My trials somehow never ended,
None to know my pain,
No one is my friend.

All efforts in vain,
They poisoned my food,
What did I suffer,
No one is my friend.

All who came to my side,
Had designs on my life,
They envied my goods,
No one is my friend.

No one knew my state,
No one asked about my pain,
None gave a friendly smile,
No one is my friend.

All I do is sigh and moan,
My tears are a weapon,
Ashki, your Friend is Allah,
No one is your friend.

REFUGE

A stranger in exile am I,
Help, help, help,
I'm in need of grace,
Help, help, help.

Enemies lance my wounds,
Friends supply no balm,
They envy my money,
Help.

There's no loyalty in anyone,
But of pain there is plenty,
They rain arrows upon me,
Help.

I saw no rose without a thorn,
I never spent a day at ease,
I wept and never laughed,
Help.

I wasted my life,
All worry and care
Sorrow pursues me,
Help.

I saw no happy times,
The mountains would not bear my pain,
Who weeps for my state,
Help.

I'm done for now,
Nothing worth living for,
I'm parted from the beloved,
Help.

There's neither night nor day,
Let the torture stop at last,
Let me slip secretly away,
Help.

Ashki says: O my Allah!
My only sin is loving You to excess,
You are my only refuge,
Help, help, help.

WE ARE TRAVELERS

O brother! Get ready for our journey,
We must leave this fleeting world one day,
No human being escapes from death,
They'll carry us out on their shoulders one day.

Did you ever hear of finding a cure for death,
Of anyone staying forever on this earth,
What you need to do is prepare yourself,
We shall unfurl the farewell flag one day.

Azrail knows who keeps his promise,
Uninvited guest, he comes to every home,
Your friends weep, your foes rejoice,
We shall choose the good, the bad, one day.

The funeral slab will announce your fate,
News of your death will soon spread,
All that silk and lace will be stripped away,
We must wear a shroud five ells long, one day.

A touchstone you called prayer mat,
Mate and companion are witness,
If you are sensible, carry the shroud in your head,
We must flee our children and family one day.

Do not forget that your riding beast is the coffin,
It will soon be arriving at your door,
Without the approval of the Truth,
We shall sow terrors to the world one day.

The tomb is the final halt of this fleeting life,
Its lamp is the light of faith,
The angels will bring Buraq to us,
We shall fly to Paradise on High one day.

The believer's station is the Paradise of Bliss,
Hell the unbeliever's resting place,
The Compassionate One is gracious to us at the last breath,
We shall drink death like honey one day.

Man is leaven for this black earth,
Goods deeds are capital for the grave,
On arriving at the court of the Lord of Decrees,
We shall measure the good things and the bad, one day.

O Ashki! Be ever ready for death,
Let Truth be your guide, the Quran your constitution,
Your time will surely come somehow,
Don't let it out of your mind; we are helpless one day.

WAKE UP

The caravan will leave, the days are close,
Soon you will exit through the gate of folly,
More and more loved ones are leaving,
Eyes, awake from the sleep of ignorance!

One day your plans will be overthrown,
In silence the caravan prepares to depart,
Your enemy rejoices, your friend grieves,
Eyes awake from the sleep of ignorance!

They lay you out naked,
And enshroud you in white,
Then place you in a coffin,
Eyes awake from the sleep of ignorance!

The hearse arrives at your door,
In no time your heirs distribute your wealth,
Does anyone recite the Quran for you?
Eyes awake from the sleep of ignorance!

Some close friends might weep, others are glad,
Your mother tears her hair,
Your wife beats her breast,
Eyes awake from the sleep of ignorance!

Some dervishes pray at your funeral,
Will your great Master show kindness?
Your strength depleted, your energy gone,
Eyes awake from the sleep of ignorance!

Ashki, never forget the existence of death,
Know your end is near,
They are crowding around your tomb,
Eyes awake from the sleep of ignorance!

ALAS!

My life is past I did not know,
I did not find Truth's approval,
I never became repentant,
Death is at the door.

I took my enemies for friends,
I was taken in by that world,
I burned with the fire of regret,
Death is at the door.

My mouth, my tongue were not contented,
My hand did not give charity,
My waist was bowed with sin,
Death is at the door.

I disobeyed Truth's command,
I did not prostrate my head,
I never had my fill of this world,
Death is at the door.

I thought of my comfort,
I forgot who I was,
I lost my self-hood,
Death is at the door.

I did not notice my impotence,
I did not renounce my lower nature,
I did not go the right way,
Death is at the door.

Ashki, come repent,
Come beg forgiveness,
Come to the presence of the Truth,
Death is at the door.

THINK

Having entered this world,
Do you not see the dying?
Having laughed so loud,
Will you never be under the earth?

Whether gentleman or ruler,
Whether you live like Adam for a thousand years,
Death will come to you one day,
Will you never be under the earth?

The ground you step on,
Listen to what it says:
Where are those who came before?
Will you never be under the earth?

Cities fall in ruin,
Slender bodies turn to dust,
This world becomes a mirage,
Will you never be under the earth?

You were seduced by pleasures,
Tricked by the guiles of your self,
You imagined the world would not end for you,
Will you never be under the earth?

The Angel of Death will take your soul,
Your loved ones are left behind,
No crown, no dervish cloak remains,
Will you never be under the earth?

They will strip off your clothes,
And lay you in the grave,
Live in each breath,
Will you never be under the earth?

Ashki, take heed of death,
Children, family are not immortal,
This property will be left to your foe,
Will you never be under the earth?

THE WINE OF KAWTHAR

To approach the presence of Majesty,
I will strip myself of this body,
Awake from the sleep of heedlessness,
Nothing remains of this realm.

It is clear my end will come,
Death's prey, like everyone,
On the day when souls are tried,
I will account to my Lord.

Reason cannot grasp the day,
When each deed is placed in the balance,
If good outweighs bad,
I shall take my soul to Paradise.

There I will find the Messenger,
Be close to him in the highest Paradise,
And drink the wine of Kawthar from his hand,
Just let me behold the Beauty of the Creator.

Dogs seek this world's carcass,
Eyes will be filled with earth,
This coming and going holds a secret,
Let me share it with you.

God said, "We honored the sons of Adam,"
And thus He exalted mankind,
To all believers He granted the highest Paradise,
I should prepare for it in this world.

O Ashki, you speak strange words,
You reveal the mysteries of the universe,
You ensure Paradise for your dervishes,
I shall ask them over there.

THIS FLEETING WORLD

Not from tavern nor tavern-keeper,
Do my eyes take a lesson.
From the traveler who alights and moves on,
My eyes take no lesson.

Palaces fall in ruin,
The living turn to dust,
Lives prove a mirage,
My eyes take no lesson.

Home and family are destroyed,
Those who are will cease to be,
The caravans come and move on,
My eyes take no lesson.

How many mates and friends we lost,
Led them as far as the grave,
Laid them in a hole,
My eyes take no lesson.

Emperors passed away,
Drank the cup of death,
Moved on one by one,
My eyes take no lesson.

Mankind in fantasy,
Goods and property stay in this world,
Useless in the Hereafter,
My eyes take no lesson.

Beard and hair turned white,
Friends behave coolly,
There's no hand to this gossip,
My eyes take no lesson.

That Majestic One gave us a mind,
Showed a thousand proofs and one,
The heedless are abased,
My eyes take no lesson.

Ashki says words of advice,
Not thinking of himself,
He sees the ruses of this world,
My eyes take no lesson.

PROUD

You live so proudly in your own perfect world,
But this world is not permanent, and you will die one day,
Blind to Beauty, you believe in the power of negation,
In your book of life you shall find your deeds.

Did you once meditate on this verse:
Whoever has done the weight of an atom of good shall see it,
And whoever has done the weight of an atom of evil shall see it,
Be sure, your actions will confront you.

If you attack, you will be attacked, if you give, you will receive,
Love and you will be loved, blame and you will be blamed,
Your secrets will all be revealed,
For each breath you will give account.

Lawful food bathes you in light, unlawful food consumes you in fire,
If you usurp the rights of others, you will pay for it,
In the grave you will be alone with your deeds,
Know that they will torment you.

Ashki says, our path is very steep,
Use your intelligence, do good in this world,
Your hair turns white, your teeth fall out,
Watch death approaching.

DON'T SAY: I HAVE

Don't call your eye a friend if it doesn't see the Truth,
Don't call it eye if it doesn't guide you,
Use your sight to truly see.

Don't say "I hear," if your ear doesn't listen to Truth,
Don't say "I have ears," if you don't heed what you hear,
I speak to the hearing, how can I address the deaf?

The tongue seduces if it does not remember Truth,
Do not say "I have a tongue," if it doesn't give thanks with every breath,
Use speech to channel knowledge.

The hand is misused if it doesn't reach for Truth,
Don't call it hand if it does not serve,
Hold on to the hand of Truth!

Don't say "My step is straight," if your feet don't walk toward Truth,
Don't say "I have feet," if they don't carry you to the Mosque,
Those who know where they are going need feet.

Don't call your soul alive, if it doesn't seek Truth,
Call it soul when it is annihilated in Truth,
Then you shall find the beloved inside.

Ashki, don't say "My whole being is seeking," unless you find Truth,
Only say I love when you become truth with Truth,
On the path of Truth, being is found.

DON'T YOU HAVE FEAR?

You with no fear of Allah, who consume orphan's property,
Think that one day your own children will be orphaned.
You say, Be quiet, orphans have no rights!
Do you think anyone will help you on the Day of Resurrection?

The property you devour is food for hell,
You will lie in your grave like a red-hot coal,
You sin against the innocent when you usurp the orphan's rights,
On Judgement Day you will be disgraced.

Hell's guardians will strike you with flaming whips,
Boiling tar will fill your craving stomach,
Do orphans' goods taste so sweet now?
Your brow will bear the fiery stigma of your crime.

Our blessed Messenger was an orphan,
He nurtured and loved all orphans,
He caressed them with his blessed hands,
Have compassion for orphans, he said.

If you wish to be close to Muhammad
Care for the orphans and respect their rights,
If you long for peace in both worlds,
Make the poor happy, serve the helpless.

LISTEN!

Your pretension to Sainthood is shocking,
You have lost count of the sins you carry,
Instinctively you slander anyone,
You don't even try to wipe guilt from your face.

You are arrogant and proud,
You only find fault and therefore despise others,
Satan has enslaved you, he rides on your back,
You look for trouble wherever you turn.

You talk of unity, yet break the nation into factions,
You spread doubt and revel in disorder,
Your mind is infected with suspicion,
Soon you'll panic and beat yourself in despair.

You speak of the Sacred Law, yet do not practice it,
You guide on the Mystic Path, but don't know the way to Truth,
With every word you lead the community astray,
Yet will not give up your claim to spiritual guidance.

Ignorant man! You pretend to know the Holy Quran,
But cannot recite a single verse,
Your words reveal unbelief and denial,
Your actions qualify you as a heretic.

My compassion is for your naive followers, not for you,
You guide them to error,
Come, repent! Ask forgiveness from your Lord,
Know that you are lower than an unbeliever or hypocrite.

If you are truly human, serve the Truth,
See the emptiness of rebellion and disbelief,
Listen now to Ashki, he tells you the truth,
If you lose your way, you won't attain your goal.

WHERE?

Look carefully at this fleeting world,
For whom did it wait?
Not for Eve, not for Adam,
For whom did the world wait?

Where is Abraham, the friend of Allah,
Where is Moses, Allah's Converser?
Where is Jesus, the Spirit of Allah,
For whom did the world wait?

What became of the Almighty's Beloved,
The Seal of Prophets,
The Imam of the righteous?
For whom did the world wait?

Where are Abu Bakr and Umar?
Uthman too lies under the earth,
Yet you still covet gold and silver,
For whom did the world wait?

Ali was cruelly wronged,
Hasan found no loyalty,
Husayn suffered thirst,
For whom did the world wait?

Nimrod and Shaddad came and went,
They drank the wine of death,
Many caravans arrived and moved on,
For whom did the world wait?

Be certain death must come,
One day you will be taken,
Possessions will be left to others,
For whom did the world wait?

This world is a workshop,
A fantastic ruin,
To be proud is crazy,
For whom did the world wait?

Ashki, beware of greed,
Death is closer to you than yourself,
The goal is to please the Truth,
For whom did the world wait?

RESURRECTION

When the trumpet sounds,
All beings are told "Arise!"
When people gather,
The Resurrection begins.

Believers rejoice,
In righteous deeds,
Angels are commanded,
The feast begins.

All are set in the balance,
The sinner is in a pitiful state,
There are cries of "Mercy!"
Remorse sets in.

Hell is ablaze,
His guardians arrive,
Sinners tremble,
Disasters happen.

The Truth is Judge that day,
His purpose to judge truly,
Tyrants are wailing,
Justice prevails

To those who deny Truth,
Trespass the rights of others,
Indulge their desires,
A fateful moment.

Ashki, know this well,
Let your loved one know it too,
These words of mine are not empty,
Salvation has come.

THE GATHERING

The heavens split and open up,
The dome crashes into the depths,
The stars are tossed and scattered,
Mankind is driven to the gathering.

The seas boil up and fuse,
Graves burst open, all veils are removed,
Rising in shame and confusion,
Mankind is driven to the gathering.

O mankind! Why are you so conceited?
You think that youth and beauty last,
Don't follow your limited self, you will be deceived,
Mankind is driven to the gathering.

Do not deny the Day of Reckoning,
May the King grant forgiveness,
You will lose by rebellion and gain by faith,
Mankind is driven to the gathering.

The Recording Angels watch over you,
Wherever you are they see you,
You might not know yourself, but they know you,
Mankind is driven to the gathering.

The believer was promised Paradise,
The unbeliever awaits hell,
Will the sinner taste compassion?
Mankind is driven to the gathering.

Heedless one, do you know there is a Reckoning?
Israfil will blow his trumpet,
Worship is the shield against punishment,
Mankind is driven to the gathering.

No difference if you live in a palace,
Or possess millions,
Your inner and outer being will be seen,
Mankind is driven to the gathering.

There and then, the Balance is set up,
The Truth will pass judgement,
As good and bad are weighed,
Mankind is driven to the gathering.

Not an atom of good or bad is lost,
Your life confronts you
On the Day of Justice,
Mankind is driven to the gathering.

From all you did wrong, you gain nothing,
The oppressor shall return all rights to the oppressed,
Unbelievers cannot harm the Truth,
Mankind is driven to the gathering.

Hell throws up flames of terror,
Parents flee from their children,
With faces drained of color,
Mankind is driven to the gathering.

Some will cross the Bridge quickly,
Some will stumble and slip,
Others will drink the wine of Kawthar,
Mankind is driven to the gathering.

Prophets and Saints fall on their knees,
Their lips swollen, they tremble with fear,
Their brains boil in their skulls,
Mankind is driven to the gathering.

There is no hope of intercession from anyone,
Not from Adam or Idris,
Not from Moses or Jesus,
Mankind is driven to the gathering.

A Caller will cry: "Come to Ahmad!"
He is intercessor for all sinners,
Without him humanity is devastated,
Mankind is driven to the gathering.

They will run to the holy Prophet,
Wailing and crying "Mercy!"
He perceives the confusion of his community,
Mankind is driven to the gathering.

The Chosen One weeps,
Grief-stricken angels
Turn to the Lord of Majesty,
Mankind is driven to the gathering.

The exalted Throne falls in prostration,
Supplicating to the Almighty Lord,
No heart can endure this lamentation,
Mankind is driven to the gathering.

The Messenger of men and jinn cries out:
"O God, Accept my daughter Fatima as a sacrifice,
Does it befit You to turn a beggar from Your door?"
Mankind is driven to the gathering.

"I dedicate to You my grandsons, Hasan and Husayn,
My grand-daughters, Zaynab and Ruqayya,
O God! Grant me my Community."
Mankind is driven to the gathering.

The Most Exalted Truth replies:
"My Beloved! Do not weep,
I have pardoned your Community."
Mankind is driven to the gathering.

O Ashki! You belong to a blessed Community,
Through the love of Muhammad you have found grace,
Favor, and honor - You have found Paradise,
Mankind is driven to the gathering.

PARADISE

How beautiful are the Gardens of Paradise!
Dervishes know and rejoice,
Friends laugh and celebrate.

The Garden of Peace,
What no words can describe,
The Lord grants to His servant.

The Garden of Delight,
Ever-flowing bounty,
Ever-lasting grace.

The Garden of Firdaws,
Where truthful servants abide,
Garden of the light of Truth.

The Garden of Shelter,
Where servants find repose
And lovers dwell.

The Garden of Constancy,
All seekers long for
Its eternal serenity.

The Garden of Eden,
Enter to attain the perfection of Truth,
Within is the Garden of Iram.

The Garden of Permanence,
Where the wine of eternity is sipped,
Where garments of light are worn.

The Garden of Intimacy,
Here the servant is with the Truth,
Attaining to infinity.

Ashki, be a seeker of Truth,
The straight path is Truth,
Seek and find your station,
How beautiful are the Gardens of Paradise!

The author of this work, Sheikh Muzaffer Ozak, passed from the visible world in 1985. He is a Waliullah, or intimate friend of Allah, as saints are referred to in Islamic tradition.

For twenty years, Sheikh Muzaffer Ozak al-Jerrahi was the Sheikh of the Halveti-Jerrahi Order of Dervishes. A prolific author in the Turkish language, Sheikh Muzaffer was well-known for his sage advice, spiritual counseling and his masterly dream interpretations.

He was educated by a succession of wise and learned teachers who instructed him in all branches of the Islamic tradition. He became Muezzin and later took the office of Imam in many of the mosques of Istanbul.

He later retired from the office of Imam and preached a sermon on Fridays at a mosque near the famous Istanbul book market, where he owned a shop specializing in antique and religious books.

Extensive travels took him not only on Pilgrimage to Mecca (eleven times) and throughout the Middle East, but also to the Balkan countries, Western Europe and the Unites States of America where his deep love for the American people was expressed in his founding of numerous branches of the Halveti-Jerrahi Order.

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